

HUNTING
STEEPLE-CHASING
and
RACING SCENES

Illustrations by Ben Herong

DESCRIPTIONS BY J. NEVILLE FOX



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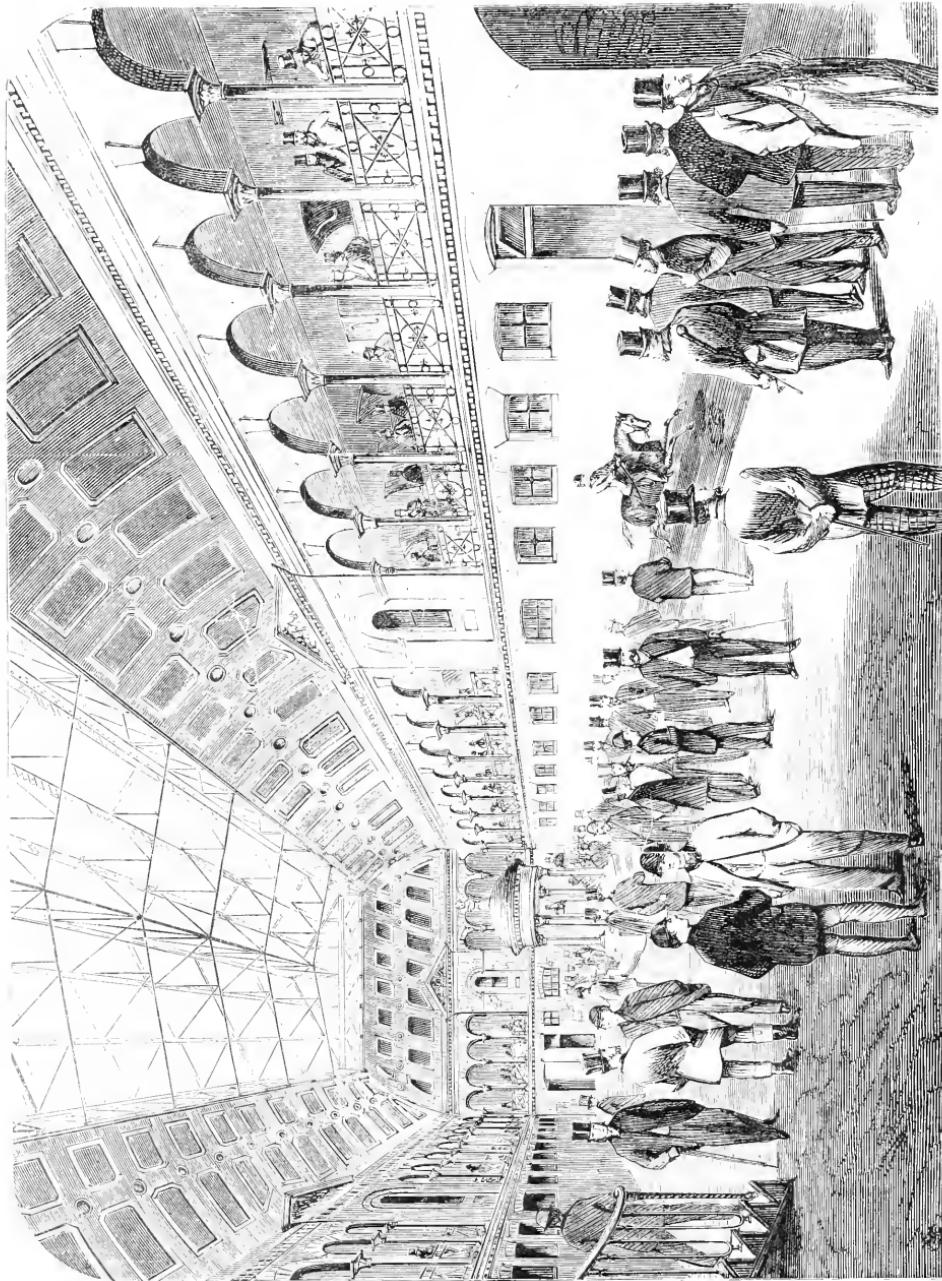
HUNTING,
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RACING SCENES.

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN. HERRING.

EDITED BY J. NEVILL FITT,
Author of "Hearths and Homesteads," &c.

LONDON :
JAMES PEDDIE, 45, ESSEX STREET, STRAND.





TATTERSALL'S.

IN presenting our little work to the public, it became necessary to choose some frontispiece that might, as it were, afford a theme on which to found our introductory notice; for a preface, like the preparatory canter to the race-horse, serves to give the aspiring author confidence ere he is actually called on to face the reader—we had almost written *starter*. This selection was a matter of no small difficulty; for though scenes representing either one diversion or another are easily pitched upon, we desired to give something that should embody the idea of the three great English sports, Hunting, Steeple-Chasing, and Racing. In one spot, and one only, may they all be said to centre, and that spot is Tattersall's. Here the blood sire and brood mare are almost weekly offered for public competition. Here the yearling, though certainly not showing to such advantage as in the green pastures of Hampton Court, Middle Park, East Acton, Knavesmire, or Doncaster, is yet to be seen. And in some sort the latter resorts of pleasure and business to so many connected with the race-horse are mere extensions of the spot we have now under consideration—are Tattersall's “out of Town,” so to speak—since the same influence presides over both. Here the best hunters in the world are yearly offered for public competition; and within the last few years it has been our lot to see exemplified the price that men who mean business will pay for blood, bone, and weight-carrying power. Here we have seen a young and green horse of promise realise the unheard-of sum of £450 for his good looks alone; and this not, be it remembered, with the idea of winning large stakes through his means, but simply to enable one who will not be denied to hold his own in the first flight over a stiff country. Here also are at various times to be seen the steeple-chasers of the day—good, bad, and indifferent, the two latter classes unfortunately predominating, whom their owners, either from necessity or prudence, are anxious to be quit of.

Neither must hounds be forgotten: though latterly it has become the custom to dispose of them at their respective kennels, still notices are not by any means wanting in which Tattersall's has been selected as the *rue* for their transfer of ownership. Here meet the sporting men of all classes, the owner of horses, the gentleman jockey and the trainer, the M.F.H. and the “leg,” the betting man and the “nobbler.” Here, during the spring and summer months, the student of character can easily detect the huntsman and whip seeking situations; the stud-groom who has brought his late master's stud in blooming condition to the hammer, and is himself likewise on the look-out for a situation for the ensuing season; while, in juxtaposition to these, may be seen the loafer and cad of every degree, anxious for a job that may turn him in a shilling, or should that not be forthcoming, athirst for the humble “two pennorth.”

No scene, then, could be so well suited for our frontispiece as the one where sporting characters of every type and variety mingle; and as the artist has presented to the eye a truthful sketch of Tattersall's as it is, a slight *résumé* of its origin and foundation, from our pen, may not be altogether out of place in the introduction to a work descriptive of those sports which are so intimately connected with the time-honoured rendezvous. From authentic records we have been able to glean the following facts concerning the “Corner,” as it was wont to be termed, and the family whose fortunes have been so closely identified with its history and records:—

About the year 1760 we find Mr. Tattersall opened the Old Corner, and by his

straightforward conduct and upright dealings soon gained the esteem of all with whom he was brought in contact. That he had a good knowledge of the horse and his requirements may be inferred from his purchase of the celebrated Highflyer, who realised such a sum for his services at the stud, that the estate called Highflyer Hall was purchased therefrom. In the early part of the present century a violent discussion raged amongst sporting writers as to whether this horse had ever been beaten. Though we are inclined to the belief that, like many of those early turf worthies who had few horses to contend against them, and no handicaps to give the bad ones a chance, he was always victorious, no satisfactory proof either way is forthcoming. It matters but little, as his stud fame is a sufficient "In Memoriam" for the scion of Herod; and when Old Tat gave his celebrated "Hammer and Highflyer" toasts at the Annual Jockey Festival, doubtless it was more of the stud farm than the starting-post that he was thinking. In 1776 he signed a lease of the place for ninety-nine years with Lord Grosvenor; but the term had not run its length when his successors sought a fresh resting-place, and the new buildings were erected at Knightsbridge. How many delightful memories vanished with the old spot, it boids not now to inquire. How the pleasant afternoons on the lawn were missed by the old school, and how many figures, long since passed from the rooms, must have come more dimly on the imagination when the haunt of nearly a century was vacated, will but little interest the modern school of turf men. The old "Corner," like old customs, has passed away, and now, instead of a race or two *per diem* at Newmarket, and but a few betting men with the *entrée* to the rooms, we find racing enough to satisfy the veriest glutton, and bookmakers outnumbering backers. The numbers of subscribers increased so much that a new room was built even at the old place; and when, in 1865, the new edifice arose, the temple of fortune with all its adjunets was not forgotten. But it is not so much with the betting-room, sacred to chosen members of the turf, we would now deal, as the broader sphere of the yard, where, despite the immense quantity of stabling provided, weeks—even at times months—notice is required to procure a stall. Here, on every Monday and Thursday during the season, save the Thursdays in the Epsom and Ascot weeks, may be seen horses of all descriptions—from the slashing hunter worth five hundred guineas, to the diminutive "sheltie," who, *with a character*, will fetch a goodly sum to train our future race of cross-country heroes. Here, all excitement, with tossing mane and fiery eye, the blood sire comes proudly up to the box, and, ere Mr. Tattersall's warning voice can be heard, clears the ring for himself of all interlopers. Here the high-priced "youngster," having been put through the mill and found wanting, is often at two years old sold at about a shilling in the pound of his former price—as a yearling—for "a cabber." But perhaps the most truly representative day we could select is "Milward Monday," when men of all classes and denominations come together to witness the disposal of the draft of those hackneys for which Mr. Milward has justly become so famous. Rare prices they fetch, too, and but little call has Mr. Tattersall to point out their merits, as with grand action they step down the ride, and a nod responds to nearly every footfall. Men of business, men of pleasure, turf men, hunting men, and churchmen, all like a good hackney, and all strain a point to be there when these little horses are put up. Besides the fine range of stabling all round the yard, there is an outer square of boxes for yearlings, stallions, and brood mares; while over the inner range of stables is a gallery for carriages, harness, &c., which, on any grand day, is thronged to excess in all those parts near the rostrum. The same cupola and the same fox that adorned the old yard are still to be seen in the centre of the present one; and long may they afford a rallying point for those who come to hear the tap of the Tattersall hammer. How the present members of the firm were entertained on the occasion of their removing to their new quarters is on record, and we need only refer to the event to prove that we have made no mistake in taking Tattersall's for our opening remarks on Hunting, Steeple-Chasing, and Racing.



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, M.F.H.

WE have chosen this portrait of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, because we consider His Grace one of the best representatives of Masters of Hounds that can be found. Not only is the establishment at Badminton one of, if not *the* largest in the kingdom, as well as one of the oldest established, but it is also one of the most perfect. Many other noblemen and gentlemen keep hounds entirely at their own expense, but none of them, we believe, hunt six days a week, save the Duke of Beaufort's, with the exception of the Burton, and these, during a part of the season before last, made eight days a week, by having two packs at different fixtures twice during the week, Mr. Chaplin himself handling one and C. Hawtin the other. Whether this was carried out during the last season we cannot say; but from Earl Fitzwilliam being invited to hunt the Wragby Woodlands this Spring, we imagine it was not. This, it will be seen, is the only pack that rivals the Duke's in number of hunting days; but Mr. Chaplin, like most other masters, does not, we believe, keep them solely at his own expense. However, it is not simply the fact of such an establishment being kept up at his sole cost that induces us to select the Duke's as the fittest portrait to accompany our hunting sketches. We look on him as one of the most practical Masters the country can produce, and few are more thoroughly grounded in the science of Venery than His Grace. This he has proved on more than one occasion, when unexpectedly thrown out of a huntsman, by taking the charge of the pack himself, hunting them himself, and superintending all the minutiae of kennel discipline, without which condition cannot be maintained. An adept at most sports, we have seen His Grace, with horses of his own breeding, gaining a fair share of success on the race-course, and Vanban, Gomera, Siberia, Ceylon, Europa, and others won quite enough to pay their way. The horses purchased turned out scarcely so lucky; for though Lord Ronald bore the blue and white hoops many a time to victory, the high-bred Rustic sally failed in his Derby mission, and in fact never bore out his two-year-old promise. The neat-looking, half-bred Birdhill also did yeoman's service in his day. Popular, however, as the blue and white became, it is in the buff and blue that the Duke most shines; and then, when on one of his weight-carriers, watching the dog-pack fly the walls in their stride, or the bitches streaming away over the grass, he is in his element. Hunting his native county, a great portion of it his own property, he not only spends his own income amongst his own people, but does things in such style that large numbers of visitors are attracted to the neighbouring towns and villages, and every available stable is taken up during the season. His meets at any favourite fixture are as large as those of the Quorn, Pytchley, or any other fashionable pack, and so full is the country of foxes that a long draw is a thing almost unknown. From the time they changed from stag to fox, far away in the last century, no pains have been spared to make the pack as perfect as possible; and under Phillip Payne, who came from Cheshire, the New Forest "Justice" was introduced, and through his descendants has become a kennel celebrity. With him we believe came in the gray or badger-pied colour that is so common in this pack; and though the "Belvoir tan" has of late years in a great measure superseded it, as well as the lemon and white, which very probably comes from the

old stag-hound blood, they say in the Hunt "that a Beaufort would never be happy without a badger-pied hound on the benches." Will Long succeeded Phillip Payne, and for years carried the Badminton horn, and cheered them on through the Lower Woods or got quickly away after his fox from Newton Gorse, and, tradition says, put far more fashion on the hounds than they had formerly borne. When, in course of time, he resigned his post, an able successor was found in Tom Clarke, who not only came himself, but brought some of his favourite Tubney pack, bought at unheard of prices, with him, besides giving 210 guineas for the lot that contained the famous Fleecer at Quorn. For years Tom continued prime minister at Badminton, and still kept up the old love for hounds of large size and plenty of bone; and while perhaps they are a little flatter in their sides than some packs, their legs and feet are excellent, and very few can turn them out with cleaner necks and shoulders. Though we always hung to the bitches as being nearly the perfection of foxhounds, Clarke swore by the dog-hounds, and loved to dwell on the style they flew the walls without touching on a good scenting day, when he was trying in vain to catch them on Saffron or Canary. The former, which he considered the best horse in his stable, was very resolute, an undeniably water-jumper, and generally managed to put him down a time or two at small trumpety fences, but was a perfect gluton at big ones. He came to Badminton as a cub hunter, and looked dreadfully worn and shaky about the pins. In the season of 1867-8 Clarke left, when the Duke made him a present of his two old favourites, and the Marquis of Worcester, who is not to be beaten over either vale or walls, took the horn, and we hear has had very good sport, and fully kept up the Badminton prestige, though report says the horn will be placed in the hands of a paid huntsman next season. Few love to see hounds do their own work better than the Duke, and though none get away quicker after a fox, there is no galloping and shouting to get their heads up. The consequence is, there are very few days in the season on which they do not get sport. As an instance of the interest he has personally taken in the pack, we remember once seeing the Duke himself pull up and go back after a young bitch that was left running another fox in cover when the hounds went away, and bringing her up to us at a check long afterwards: thus for her sake sacrificing a large portion of a fine hunting run.

In no country does a better understanding exist with the farmers than here, and it is so full of foxes that they continually find them in pits and under walls in the open fields. In fact, a Master so popular is sure to get them well preserved; and when we state that one year he purchased over five hundred brace of pheasants, besides those his own preserves produced, to give away to people over whose lands he hunted, it will be understood how this good feeling comes about. Though it is in the light of a Master of Hounds we are considering His Grace, not to glance at him on the coach-box would be an unpardonable omission, and indeed few have seen him in the hunting field who have not also seen him on the box. For be the distance far or near, a well-loaded drag is the conveyance to cover, and when the distance is over eight or ten miles, as it is three or four days a week, there are two teams to do it. The hounds also on these occasions are yanned both out and home, and four mules, a large number of which are bred at Badminton for farm work, are the team employed.

To complete the character of a country gentleman, the Duke is also a large farmer, and in his Clydesdale stallion has one of the handsomest cart sires in England, and the bullocks to be seen in his sheds amply repay the drive from Badminton. But they are so well known at our Smithfield and other shows that comment on them is unnecessary. Thus we have endeavoured to sketch the Duke, not as Master of the Horse, or one of the dignitaries of the land, but as a country gentleman living amongst his own people, engaging in country pursuits; and however highly he may be esteemed elsewhere, you must go to Badminton and its neighbourhood to know how deeply his name is cherished in the hearts of his people.



T H E M E E T.

READER (kind, of course), we are about to ask you to accompany us to the Meet. Much could we write on a scene such as can only be witnessed in our own merry land,—more on the influence which sport individually and collectively exercises on our characters. How the Iron Duke remarked that his best officers were hunting men—but it strikes us that you might perchance have seen all this before; so we will shun the well-trodden path, and come at once to business. Another thing we must also deny ourselves; it would please us, and you doubtless, could we order round the drag, and then, cigar in mouth, place ourselves behind four good steppers, which artistically handled (that is the term, is it not?) would, provided they neither ran into a cart nor a cutler's shop at an awkward turn, take us the ten miles intervening between our home and the fixture comfortably within the hour. But drags well horsed and turned out are few and far between, so we must eschew them. Apologies for them are available enough; but a made-up team, and a coachman who is not quite certain where his horses are going or what they are doing, is by no means to our taste; we will leave them to those who like "to do the swell cheap," as a friend of ours once remarked when going to cover with a neighbour whose pair had cost only "a pony" between them.

Don't misunderstand us; no one likes a really clever team better than ourselves; it is only the makeshifts and imitations we wish to keep clear of. There are many gradations, from the teams downwards, for those who do not care to ride their own horse to cover—some good, some bad, others perhaps neither one or the other, even down to what a swell once did in the shires. Expecting a horse to meet him at the fixture, and there being nothing to carry him, he walked the four miles, pink, leathers, and boots notwithstanding! We honour his pluck and love of sport, but would rather not follow his example. Thank goodness there is no necessity; for awaiting us are a couple of the best conveyances a man can have to covert, in the shape of two high-bred hacks, fourteen-two, with quick, good action. Yes; broad green lanes, an occasional cut across a field or two for a niek, and a clever snaffle-bridle hack, against the world for going to covert. But let us leave gossiping and get into the saddle. There is a sensation, as the little one bounds beneath you, no mode of conveyance on wheels can give—not even the much-lauded velocipede; and though they can do their ten or twelve miles an hour, it will be years (we hope) ere we see a man in pink guiding himself along to the fixture astride one. Heavens, what an idea! and how small he would look, dragging his two-wheeled steed up some steep hill that it refused to encounter under his burden! But we are skirting ere the hounds are thrown into cover, and must get back once more to our neat haekneys and the green lanes. They are warmed up now and striding away right merrily; the brown with hind legs well beneath him, playing easily with his bit and tossing the foam in showers over his neck and shoulders, while the chestnut lays hold of his snaffle, and rakes away as though going for a plate across the flat. But let us turn short over that low stile; it is nothing particular and both will do it well enough. There is only a small drain, and big though firm bank, and we are at the park gates. Pretty fair schooling, you may say, for little ones, but with good taking off and the wind in them, mere ponies will do wonders. It is after a bit of galloping that fences tell.

No mistake, you see, and, as I prophesied, we are well over, and on the fine green sward of the park. Here we enjoy another of those scenes that few countries but England can show; and as the mansion stands out in relief from the deep background of trees, no one can fail to notice how much it is in character with the expanse of water in the hollow, where the river has been swelled almost to a lake, and the herds of deer that lie listlessly or standing gaze intently on the passing strangers, under the rough old thorn trees. Quiet as they appear, try to approach them, and singling any buck from the herd send a bullet through his heart or brain; you will find it no easy matter, and will see that natural

instinct has not wholly deserted them. Here we would fain pourtray the meet, but it may not be; and great as the charm such a locality throws around the scene, we must pass it by; and making our exit from the domain (on which we have been trespassers, by the way, though hunting men are never called to account for *luck's* of this description), join the busy throng in the village beyond.

Here we find a crowd of boys, shopkeepers and others; a few grooms in livery walking their masters' horses about opposite the King's Arms or some other hostelry. Then a dog-cart or two from the neighbouring barracks, probably with a shaky wheeler and queer bo-kicker in the traces, will make their appearance. Then a youngster comes up "bloody with spurring, fiery hot with speed," on a clever galloping hack. To him succeeds a jolly green-coated yeoman, bestriding his nag that takes him to market and round the land, while his hunter, more probably than not a fine five-year old with some Sledmere or Bishop Burton blood in his veins, has been "sent on." Doubtless he cost his owner three figures, and by the time he has had a couple of seasons' fun out of him, will, with luck pay him a good percentage for the investment, and perhaps, some day, come out as a finished hunter "in the shires." But hold hard, and make room!—for here is Will and the pack. Truly, a parlous chance for them you will fancy, as daintily trotting beside and around his horse, they thread their way through the crowd. But the first whip is in advance, and, "By your leave, Sir," or "hounds, gentlemen, please," clears a ready track; while the outstretched crop and suspended thong is signal enough to keep *them* clear of danger. And so wheels and fidgetty hacks are safely passed; and with the pack grouped around him, Old Will sits in the centre of the village green, the hero of the hour. And to the rustic mind at least he is a hero. Who knows how many a youthful heart, inspired by the scene, may not then and there resolve to go to the stables; and how many embryo huntsmen and whips may be gazing from that admiring crowd. See the blue-eyed youngster, who has edged himself within the scarlet-coated triangle, and is renewing his acquaintanceship with his old playmate Slasher, who was walked at Cleaver's the butcher's, last summer. As he pets and fondles him, who can tell what visions of future glory in pink and pigskin are not floating through his youthful brain. Not a little delighted is the comely dame, his mother, to point out to her neighbours how little Bob takes it "quite natural-like;" and even the first whip overlooks the encroachment, as he receives a good-humoured smile, and gently warns Bob to keep back. Perhaps were the good dame less comely, the urchin would be dismissed more promptly and unceremoniously. But the scene thickens, and the hounds are by no means the only objects of attraction. Pinks are crowding in apace, and, better still, the bright smiling faces of England's daughters are mingling in the scene. Not as years ago, when Fielding wrote "Tom Jones," and Di Vernon was an exceptional instance of the fairer sex joining the chase; they are now to be seen at the covert side, happily in good numbers; and any meet of importance will be favoured by the presence of at least ten or a dozen, often far more. This is as it should be; and while ladies sanction the sport by their presence, fox-hunting must flourish. The battle between common sense and prejudice has been a strong one, and many a thorough gentleman of the old school have we heard say: "No wife or daughter of mine shall hunt;" but common sense has carried the day, and a man may now enjoy his gallop without being debarred an approving glance at the prowess he exhibits. Though *place aux dames* is our motto on the present occasion, there is one more important personage still; and when the Master arrives hats are doffed, and we bow to the autocrat of the hour. No matter be he old or young, his word is law (or should be); and it is only when he has exchanged his hack for the three-hundred guinea hunter that the signal to "throw off" is given, and the crowd put in motion. Let us hope he is one of those who try to please all classes, and that he will select a covert where horse, foot, and artillery—or in other words both the carriage company and pedestrians—will stand an equal chance of seeing the fun. At any rate, with his nod the crowd is dispersed; and the meet for the day is over, while, kaleidoscope-like, another section of the ever-changing chase must occupy our pen and pencil.



London
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Illustrated
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BREAKING COVER.

“HOLD hard, gentlemen, pray hold hard!” exclaims the master, as his hounds bury themselves in the gorse, and the field shows an inclination to surround it on every side. The caution is by no means unnecessary, for a lot of young ones are already creeping forward for a start, each prepared to go the instant the fox shows himself, with not the slightest intention of waiting for the hounds. Wait for hounds indeed! not they. Does not Whyte-Melville say “hounds are a bore”? and is there not a legend concerning a noble lord, who returned to Melton, and said he should have had a capital day’s sport, had not the d—— hounds been continually in the way? No, they can do nothing so dead slow as wait for hounds, but once let the fox show himself, and each will catch his horse by the head, send in the spurs, and forthwith proceed with a will to the task of cutting down his dear friend Tom, Jack, or Harry, as the case may be; unless his horse, having the true interests of sport at heart, should put him down at the first fence. Well may the master say, “hold hard,” when he knows the sort of men he has to deal with, and that the fox, once headed, will in all probability be turned into the hounds’ mouths, and chopped; thus rendering the gorse, in their best vale country, null and void for the day. We will suppose that his remonstrance is attended to, and the field collected in the spot least likely to cause mischief. Will, the first whip, canters away to the back of a thick blackthorn hedge, and there posts himself, immovable as a statue. Save an occasional cheer from the master, all is now silent as death; he is winding his horse about a narrow track in the gorse, occasionally jumping over a bough that hangs across his path and interferes with his progress; not a hound is visible for several minutes, then a stern or two may be seen waving above the evergreen in some thinner spot.

The covert is a small one, yet so thick that it occupies a long time in drawing, and, though invisible, the pack are spread over it like sheep in a pasture, each forcing and tearing his way through the dense mass of stems and thorns. At length the field become impatient, and a few venture to shift their quarters, but are quickly brought to a sense of their delinquency by an exclamation more expressive than polite. Another interval of silence, then one hound speaks, another and another follow suit, and at length the fox is found. But a fox found and a fox gone away are not exactly the same thing, and we must yet exercise our patience for awhile. Strange as it may seem, though the gorse is but a few acres in extent, and there are, at least, eighteen couple of hounds working in it, the fox continues to elude all their efforts without as yet quitting his stronghold. In fact, where they have to force themselves through the stems with difficulty, he creeps beneath with the greatest ease, and, wise in his generation, runs foul, and though himself hunted, hunts the pack. Instinct tells him that the scent is good, and did he try conclusions at once with them over the open, twenty minutes would seal his fate. But even to him on a mild morning, the close covert becomes somewhat oppressive, so going out at the far corner, though he has no intention as yet of leaving it, he runs up the side, and for a few moments enjoys the cool breeze. Though he knows it not, the eye of his enemy Will is on him all the time. Very silently and quietly he is noting his shape, make, size, and colour, so that during any part of the chase, he may again be able to recognise him. But he does not holloa, he knows his business far too well for that; he knows that as yet

the fox does not mean going, that the pack are well on him, and that to hollea would only expose his own situation without conducing to the end in view. Scarcely has reynard regained the cover, ere the hounds stream out, and race up its side. As the leaders flash over the line where the fox again took shelter, Will's voice is for the first time heard, and with a crack of the whip, he turns them to the old hounds who have never left the line. That done, he resumes his post, silent and watchful as before. Reynard having tried fresh air at one part of the cover, now thinks he may venture to do so at another, and breaks right in front of the assembled field. Very different is their reception from Will's. No sooner does he show himself, than a dozen different throats proclaim the fact, in notes varying from bass to treble, and as he races to a small patch of thorns, several young ones ride at him with the intention of cutting him off from the cover. Out rush the pack at the shouting, wild as hawks, with their heads up, flashing all over the place, and, in the temporary absence of the master, three or four are capping them on to different points at the same time, each one having seen the fox at a separate spot. Meanwhile their bustle and hurry is his salvation, he slips back quietly down a ditch unseen behind them, and again enters the covert, threads its mazes, and then, while all the hurly-burly is going on at the other end, breaks under Will's very nose, and sets his head straight over the open. Like a grey-hound he crosses the pasture, tops the fence, and then off comes Will's cap, and, with a screech, he lets his master know that he's away. Crashing through and over the gorse, comes the huntsman, and "Where is it, Will?" having been satisfactorily answered, a peculiar note on the horn, only used on such occasions, brings the pack like arrows to the spot. They have never recovered the line on the foiled ground, and are ready to instantaneously answer the signal. "Yo doit, there!" says the master, capping them on the line, and moving gently in the direction himself. They swing round, drop their sterns, and, with a slight whimper, are away. Then, sitting down in his saddle, he takes the place he means to keep, and crashes through the first bullfinch nearly level with the body of the pack, and full fifty yards on their left. "Hoick hollea! hoick hollea! gone away!" shouts Will, to let the field know of their departure, and then, turning his horse short round, puts him over a stile and drop, and so by a line of lanes and gates down wind, to the only big woodland within a dozen miles, and which it is ten to one he reaches before the fox. What about the field? Well, we have seen the fox and hounds well away, so we don't much care about them. Of course they will cram, push, and jostle as usual, swear that the master is always slipping away without them because he is so confoundedly jealous, and should they reach him at the first check, override his hounds as much as possible afterwards. Let us hope, however, that they may get close enough to see the fun, without doing mischief, and as the last bit of pink fades from our view in the far distance, leave them to pursue the chase, with what success they may. But hold; there is fun yet to be seen, as a stout fussy man comes up at a tearing gallop. "Hollo, you there, with the axe, where are the hounds?" "Lord bless ze, sur, they be gone away these three minutes, right over the hill you." "Confound it, just like my luck, if I had been here, the fox would have hung about for an hour. Where do you think he's gone to?" "Why, I dunno, but I see little Will slip away down the lanes, for Crabtree Wood, and he's mostly right like." And away goes our fat friend, down the lanes for Crabtree Wood, which he reaches just as the pack have run into their fox, within a quarter of a mile of it, after a brilliant forty-five minutes.



FULL CRY.

“ If your horse be well bred and in condition,
Both up to the country and up to your weight,
Oh! then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in the saddle, and keep his head straight.”

QUITE right, Mr. Warburton, no man can do better than that ; and a great many, we are sorry to say, do a great deal worse. If all the grumblers and growlers in the world would take the old squire's advice, it would mend both their manners and their tempers. No one can be in an ill-humour after a brilliant fifty minutes, especially when he feels that both he and his horse have acquitted themselves creditably. Even that little bill with which Ruffles persistently calls once a week, notwithstanding repeated assurances that you are travelling on the Continent, is then forgotten. And you quite lose sight of the idea that your mother-in-law, with a pug dog, two monkeys, and a parrot, has promised to come and pass a month with you, and will most likely put in an appearance when you have about half done dinner that very evening. Banks may stop payment in the City, but so long as they prove sound in the country, and don't let you into the second ditch, you heed it not ; and railway shares may fall to any extent so that your favourite Locomotive only keeps on his legs and going. Talk about Christian charity, when is it called forth to the same extent as during a “quick thing?” Why, there is the man on the white-faced chestnut going a cracker, who has forgotten the five ponies to one he laid you against Blue Gown for the last Derby, yet to save your life you would not remind him of it now. A man who has such a steady seat, light-bridle hand, and takes what providence sends him in such a cool way, must have good stuff in him ; and, for the time at least, you make up your mind to repudiate the debt altogether. Look at the farmer in green, bundling along his short-tailed gray ; what does he care though corn did fall five shillings a quarter last market-day, and that there is no chance of a repeal of the malt-tax? “ Come along, you can't do any harm,” says he, as he jumps first into his own wheat ; and not the slightest idea of the carpenter's bill enters his head as he sees you. Hopeful, knock a new gate into “smithereens,” and come a most royal crowner on the other side. He would do anything now for you save stop, and take it as a decided favour if you pulled on one side to let him break a strong rail. Should you indiscreetly, during a slight check, ask after the welfare of his lambs, he will tell you that the puppy he gained the cup with, is by Regulus out of Novelty, and ran right to head for the first twenty minutes, and that though Scarlet, the huntsman, went strong for neighbour Jackson's, his own won easily, and was not only straighter, with better feet, but cleaner about the neck and shoulders. How cheerily the old squire speaks to him, though they have had a little difference concerning the way-rate, “Capital thing, Turnips,” says he, wiping his head and face ; “rather too quick for us old ones, though. Ah, by-the-bye, bring your gun up to the Hall to-morrow. Barnes says the rabbits are getting strong in Beechwood, so we must kill them down, and I have told Gripein he should hear what you have to say about the new barn. I think we must put you one up.”

There is only one unhappy man in the field, and that is Colchicum, the brewer, who rides as jealously as the fiend, and finds his new three-hundred-guinea gray, which has

twice been on his head, fast compounding. But then if he will send a horse along for twenty minutes, without the semblance of a pull, and with only dealer's condition in him, what can he expect?

How differently Captain Slasher takes things. His own stud are all screwed, so he is on a hired nag, and notwithstanding he rushed at the big timber fence and gave him a regular nasty one, he is going on smiling, and patting his horse's neck, is nursing him up a firm headland, until he recovers his wind, and is determined, by patience, judgment, and fine riding, to make up for the deficiency of his mount, and, let the country be what it will, to see the end. He is not a man to make this determination without acting up to it, and though he may get another fall, very likely two, you may lay long odds on his being one of the half-dozen at the finish. More than that, he can tell you why the fox ran that particular line (the stiffest in the hunt) instead of the usual one over the downs, and away for the main earths—how it was they never checked over the wet cold plough, and the reason that Green's horse refused the brook, and Tomkins's broke his back at the stake and bound. And then, when it is all over, you will hear him talk a great deal about the performances of his friends and their horses, but never a word about his own, though, on a screw not worth twenty pounds, and in spite of a bad fall to start with, he was in front from start to finish.

But then Slasher is a sportsman who rides to hunt, and does not hunt to ride. And it is not every trifle that puts him out of his way. It is almost forgotten now, but he is the man that steered in Confidence for the Grand Military twenty years ago without a bridle, and with a broken collar bone! We have not said much about the hounds? Well no, they have kept so straight and gone so fast that it has been rather difficult matter to see much of them. In fact they had nothing to do but race. That all hounds, if they have breeding and condition, can do, and with such a scent they can't make any mistake. Should they come to cold hunting, picking it out through sheep and cattle-stains, down roads, and amongst houses and farmsteads, we will leave the men to smoke and chat, and turn our attention to the pack. Let it not for a moment be supposed we overlook them; nothing would give us so much pleasure as to see Lively whose dam and grandam we walked, make a good hit; and have we not always sworn by the beard of our father, that a fox may run the roads as long as he liked so that old Matchless was amongst the pack, and the field would only give her room to pick it out? Was it not the old bitch that feathered for a mile down Cold Harbour Lane, without daring to speak to it, and then carrying the line through into a grass field, gave us the brilliant quarter of an hour, and a kill in the open to finish with? No; we by no means overlook the hounds, and could tell how we waited hours on a cold, a bitter cold, December night and took our turn manfully with pick and shovel, to see old Pilot, the beloved of our youth, and three others got out of a drain into which they had forced themselves after their fox. And how tenderly we carried them home, and nursed them, when, exhausted and all but drowned, they were at last recovered. Is not each deed, good and bad, of ours (for want of a better word, shall we say) native pack chronicled in memory? And do we not know how Riotus, who suffered nothing to lead her in chase, would often not try a yard with a bad scent, and how her descendants, even to the tenth generation, would run hare rather than draw for a fox. But then, as old Dick said, "if she won't find a fox she's worth a pack when he's sinking, and never tired in her life. No, no, sir; she's a very wild one, and at times would rather play than work, but you know how she helps me when an afternoon fox is running short afore 'em. Yes, I must have something from her." And he did.



CROSSING THE LINE.

MANY years ago, when our entire hunting establishment consisted of a rocking-horse, a penny trumpet, and a whip, with which, whenever the notion seized us that it ought to be a hunting-day, we contrived to render the house generally noisy and uncomfortable, it was prophesied that railroads must soon put a stop to fox-hunting in England. In fact, so dire was the animosity of those to whom the care of our youth was entrusted, that we, imbibing their ideas, regarded the iron horse as nothing less than diabolical, and the chosen instrument that Mahomet-like, was to sweep all our most cherished institutions and country pursuits from the face of the earth. Little did we then think what a faithful slave we were reviling, and how this hissing and puffing monster was to be the good genius to introduce us to such happy hunting-grounds as even Chingagook or Le Cerf Agile never contemplated.

We sinned, and—we are repentant; but when we fell, like Adam it was in the best of company, for a writer to whose pages we are indebted for no little of our knowledge concerning the chase, who was one of the first to put sound sporting experience into a readable form, and who had the rare combination (in that day) of being both a scholar and a sportsman, entertained the same views. We have no doubt, like others, he has seen his errors, and not found "the line" such an insurmountable barrier to sport as was at first anticipated. In fact, are not its drawbacks more than compensated by the facilities it affords both men and horses for reaching any part that may be deemed desirable? In the good old days, where a man's house was, there was his hunting, unless at great expense he chose to transport himself and horses by road into more genial localities. This, of course, was constantly done by men with long purses, but where there was one who could thus indulge his taste for sport, there were fifty who could not. But thanks to our whilom foe, we now one day meet a man with the Queen's or Mr. Garth's, and then straightway shake him by the hand at Crick Gorse or Six Hills. Or we may part from a friend amid the sloughs of Lower Woods, and then within a day or two see him negotiating the wide drains of Holderness. Perhaps real sport may in some instances suffer from the crowds that are enabled to reach a favourite fixture, but, per contra, as the merchants say, hunting is no longer confined to one class or section of the community. In fact, it matters little where a man is, if he has time and money he can hunt, and a few hours from his warehouse or office in the city will give him a pleasure denied to his less fortunate predecessors. It is no small advantage to a man with a moderate stud to be able to locate himself in a town, and by means of the rail reach almost daily any pack he may select from half-a-dozen or more. These facilities will doubtless also be increased, and the same privilege be extended to other countries, that now prevails in Yorkshire, of taking one's horse and self out and home at a cheap rate, for hunting purposes. And few will deny that a first-class carriage is a more comfortable conveyance, even for a short journey, than a tired horse, who, when fresh, may not be a very pleasant hackney.

We have looked at the facilities afforded to hunting men by railways; let us now see what are the drawbacks to be encountered. All will undoubtedly agree that the danger to hounds is the chief one. At times this is very great, especially as the railroad is not of a nature to hold a high scent, and induce hounds to cross it quickly. But when we consider how general railroads are at the present time, and the number of hounds out every day during the season, it is obvious that the danger lies more in imagination than reality. Of course hounds are killed, but not nearly so often as we may suppose they would be, and instances are by no means rare of trains passing through the pack without injuring a single one.

This happened a few years ago to the Tedworth, near Ampthill, and on the very line which Assheton Smith took so much trouble to oppose from an idea it would injure his country and sport. The whole pack checked on the railway when an express came along. Fricker, Colonel Carlton, ourselves, and several others galloped up, quite expecting to see a large portion of them cut to pieces, but strange to relate not a hound was touched. Generally speaking, hounds can be stopped when there is danger of a passing train, and this was done on the Tuesday before the late lamentable accident to Sir C. Slingsby and others in the York and Ainsty country. On that occasion with the second fox, the railroad proved a real boon in the then deep state of the country, as by getting on its firm surface a few of the field were enabled to reach the hounds, who could never have done so but for its aid. In fact, it was generally believed that but for this the fox would have been run into and eaten ere any one could get to the hounds. Several times, especially with deer hounds, has it been our lot to use the railroad as a horse track, and once in the south of England the deer ran a considerable distance before the train; the driver, however, gave him every chance, by slackening speed as much as he possibly could. If we are not mistaken, it is only about three years ago that the Royal Buckhounds brought a deer right into Paddington station, after a very hard and severe run. And the same pack are often glad to have recourse to the aid of steam to convey hounds, horses, and men to the Ascot kennels.

Foxes, as a rule, fortunately very seldom run any distance on railways, but merely cross them, and thus the danger is in a great degree lessened; but deer, unless turned on one side, will run for miles on them, and it is extraordinary that hounds do not meet with more accidents from trains when pursuing them. From the cuttings and embankments they form a nasty obstacle to cross, and not unfrequently, as is represented in our engraving, the fences have to be pulled down ere a passage can be effected. This we saw occur no less than three or four times during one day with the Badsworth, when the fox, contrary to the usual habit, kept threading the line, while every gate at the crossings was locked. Taken on the whole, however, we must consider railways as great a boon to hunting men as they have proved to the rest of the community; and very few, we fancy, would sacrifice the convenience for the trifling annoyance they cause. By their aid distant countries can be explored and packs seen that formerly were tabooed to the man of moderate means, and for no very great expense a man may now hunt from the Land's End to John o' Groat's during the same season. A friend of ours who took his stud into Devon and Dorsetshire to finish the present season, and was there a fortnight, without seeing a fox found, may perhaps differ from these views, and think that he would have been better at home, where foxes were plenty, if the country was none of the best. But this is an exceptional case, and a man may never meet with such another instance of ill-luck during a life-time. At any rate, for the best of all cover hacks commend us to the Iron Horse.



THE DEATH.

WE have pretty well ran through our hunting scenes, and now come to one that all are anxious to witness; when the fox, tired, jaded, and worn-out, turns for one desperate struggle with his pursuers, a struggle which, with fearful odds against him, he gallantly sustains to the last, and then dies without a sound of pain escaping him. His race is run; his mission fulfilled; and yet when he is held aloft over the heads of the expectant pack, his is no ignoble fate. He is not destined, like an ox or sheep, to be eaten and forgotten; for he has proved himself worthy of honour, and for a season or two has given the pack a rattle, whenever he was found, and at last, after scattering the field to the winds, has succumbed to his fate. Many a fireside story will be related of the sport he afforded, and his memory live green in the recollection of hunting men for ages to come. Perhaps his history will be written or his honours sung by a Tyrtaeus of the field. How different a fate had his lot been cast in some game-preserving locality, where, after dragging out miserable hours with his leg in a trap, some velveteen-coated keeper would have knocked him on the head, and left his carcass to rot away under ground. Or, may be, when taking his favourite rabbit supper, he would have found that the same kind-hearted individual has dressed it for him, and that death by strychnine, with all its horrors, was in store.

Even these perils escaped, there are others scarcely less fearful that await an individual of the vulpine race, and what will be his lot if taken, when the fox-stealer, with dog, net, and bells, sets out on his nefarious excursion, is easily conceived. Torn from his snug earth and greenwood home, thrust into a stifling sack, and carried to the neighbouring town, kept in a corn-bin or some worse place, until a fox-murdering keeper thinks he may allow his master's coverts to be drawn, and wants a commercial gentleman to save his credit and secure his tip for a find; then turned out confused and bewildered in a strange place, knowing not where to fly for shelter, or in what direction to urge his flight —how cruel is his lot! Death at length overtakes him, and he is ignominiously thrown on one side as a d—— bagman, because the pack refuse to break him up. Should this be spared him, he may fare yet worse, in having to afford amusement to a lot of timpot sportsmen, with a scratch pack of rough-and-ready dogs, open to hunt anything and everything, and with no great respect for constituted rights and their neighbours' property. No, as the death-stroke can come to the soldier in no grander form than from his foe in battle; so the true end of a fox is to be run well into and rolled over in the open. Then, as we have before said, if he has been well found, well hunted, and handsomely killed, his fame will be handed down to posterity, and his prowess recorded in song. All this time, however, we have been treating of only one actor in the piece, though he certainly can lay claim to "a leading part;" but both the huntsman and the hounds may fairly be supposed to find some exultation in their victory. For this the former has been trained from boyhood, in the science of woodcraft, until his knowledge of the fox's nature and habits is such that he seems to know his line by instinct directly he is found, and when even the delicate noses

of the pack fail, his judgment can set them right. A case of this sort occurred during the present season. A well-known pack of hounds found an old travelling fox, who took them out of their own country, and across cold scenting, barren hills, into one totally strange to their master and huntsman. The scent, bad throughout, here absolutely failed, yet over a country quite strange to him, from his knowledge of woodcraft, he was enabled to hold them on the line when they could scarcely speak to it at all, and that only on the grass lands, and by this means, after a good hunting run, kill his fox. For this hounds have been carefully bred for generations, each fault noted, and as far as possible corrected, each excellence cultivated and improved, until they can cope for speed with the racehorse and greyhound, and hunt as low a scent as the most pains-taking harrier or beagle. And the end and consummation of all this trouble and expense is the death; that is the crowning moment that repays master and huntsman for their toils. Some may take exception to our assertion that the foxhound of the present day can hunt as low a scent as a beagle, and even go so far as to say that some packs will scarcely hunt any scent at all. But we maintain that when such is the case the fault lies in the animal's management and education, not in its nature. There is the blood that has made the kennels of Badminton, Belvoir, and Broklesby famous, still flowing pure as ever; and where hounds are educated to depend on their noses and hunt, they will still do so. If, on the contrary, they have been taught from the time of entry to gallop after their huntsman, while he gallops after the fox, they are not to blame. The opportunity of using their natural powers and instinct is not allowed them, and consequently those powers are not displayed. But we are rather skirting from our subject, and must once more get back to the line. Though the engravings presented to our readers are so good that they may well be left to depend on their own merits, we must refer to the last of our hunting series, inasmuch as it so well carries out our ideas of a good finish. There in the open, with no covert near, is the death scene taking place; and of the field who perhaps an hour previously saw that fox found, how many are there to witness it? Where are the rest? Coming, we will hope, but from the appearance of those which are up, the great chance is that they are being lifted off gates and dug out of ditches. The huntsman's old gray, game as he looks, is done to a turn, and had the run lasted much longer the pack would have had the obsequies all to themselves. The tall man with moustaches evidently thinks this coarse-quartered, white-legged, big one, who by the way must be better than he looks, is for the present to be trusted without holding. The white-faced one behind them is fresher, but he evidently has more breeding than the others, and that will tell in a quick thing as well as in a long one, and the blood-horse, after standing a few moments, will breathe as calmly as though just out of his stable. But the whoo-whoop is sounded, in another moment the fox will be thrown to the expectant pack, and those present, like ourselves, will turn their backs on "The Death."



LORD POULETT.

WHEN steeplechasing first became one of the recognised sports of England under its present form, some forty years ago, no amusement had more aristocratic patrons and supporters. At least half the names of those who took silk on any great occasion could be found in Debrett or Burke, and though not many, perhaps, stuck to it with the pertinacity of Osbaldiston and Captain Beecher, there were few young men of rank, with any pretensions to horsemanship, who did not at one time or another take a turn across country. Thus we see Lord Waterford, on The Sea and Cock Robin, was succeeded by Lord Strathmore on St. Leger and The Switcher. And ere the era of the buff and blue had set in, The Nun bore the colours of Lord Macdonald to victory, with Jerry and Warwick behind her in those of Lord Suffield and Sir E. Mostyn. Then Capts. Peel and Little on Chandler and Proceed respectively, with Powell on Saladin, kept up the prestige of the sport until the many questionable practices it gave rise to induced men of honour to withdraw themselves from it, and steeplechasing for public stakes fell in a great measure into the hands of horse-dealers, trainers, and others, whose only object was "to get money, honestly if you can, but anyhow to get money;" and the sport came to be looked upon, in common with the ring and others whose day was fast waning, as one that must die out by the malpractices of its supporters. True, there was still the hunting and military element to fall back upon, and each held meetings at which gentlemen could ride and run horses, and did so; and from this parent stem the flower of steeplechasing may again be said to have flourished. Then came the formation of the National Hunt Committee, the raising of the weights in handicaps, and the era of the cast-off flat-racer was wonderfully curtailed. Gentlemen again feared not to see their colours on a cross-country flyer, and when Game Chicken ran second to Cooksboro, and eventually got the stakes, in the shires the line was as big and the fences as strong as the greatest glutton could desire. And such a field faced the starter as recalled the St. Albans days of old. The year before that Lord Coventry had stood in the breach with the wonderful weed Emblem at Aintree, and the next year we find no want of the aristocratic element, as Mr. Chaplin sent forth the all-rose flag successfully on Emperor the Second, for the National Hunt, and Emblematic rivalled her sister's performance at Liverpool; so with the decline of the light-weight era we may be said to have got both better men and better horses into the sport, and since that time it has lacked not supporters of the right stamp. Under these circumstances it has been a matter of no small difficulty to determine with what patron of the sport we should head our steeplechase sketches, and we can but admit that there are several equally deserving the post of honour, but we are induced to select Lord Poulett as the latest aristocratic recipient of the Grand National honours. When his lordship came into the title in 1864, he lost little time in getting together some racers and steeplechasers, though all along his heart has, we fancy, inclined more to cross-country events than the Rowley Mile or T.Y.C., and Chris. Green at Newmarket soon had some promising pupils in hand. It was, however, after the Waterloo era had commenced that we find his lordship really going to the front in steeplechase matters, and with the advent of the veteran Ben Land (who, by the way, rode and won the first hurdle race we ever saw, on his own horse, Frank—late Railroad—at the now defunct

Twyford Meeting on Haseley Down), as frainer, and when Mr. Edwards donned the cerise and blue, that Benazet, Charlemagne, and others became names of dread in the South Countrie. And though Cortolvin, a future Grand National winner, had been parted with to the Duke of Hamilton, the first of the trio named proved himself one of the best in England over his own distance (two miles), and showed that the Dutchman's stock could jump as well as race. Genevre, another French importation, did not, however, do much for the stable fame, and it remained for the Irish half-bred, The Lamb, to set the seal to their fortunes by winning the Grand National of 1868 from the celebrated Pearl Diver, who has since proved how good the form must be. Lord Poulett is as well known in the hunting-field as on the course, and for some few years he handled the horn himself, which he only relinquished at the end of the season of 1867-8, and with the neat little bitches made the foxes fly over the rough, stiff Durly and Wickham country, where the brooks and ditches want no end of doing, or over the hills by Old Winchester and Westbury. As a coachman also he is well known, and the neat blood-like browns are invariably to be seen trotting gaily on to all southern racecourses, where they form a strong contrast to the stately grays from Cranbury Park, which are quite as regular in attendance. His lordship (when he took the Hambleton Hounds) built new kennels at Waterloo with every convenience, and removed the pack which had formerly stood at Droxford to them, so that they should be immediately under his own eye. For his steeplechase horses he also laid out one or two courses, with every description of fence; so that, let him and his aide-de-camps decide on sending them into what country they might, they had the means at home of qualifying them for the contest. With regard to the Hambleton Hunt Meeting, under his fostering care it has sprung from a mere plating concern into a meeting of some consideration and importance, where really good horses are sent to contend for the stakes; and we have seen such cracks as Benazet, Shakespeare, and Ace of Trumps forming up to face Lord Poulett, who always acts as starter himself. As a holiday for the neighbourhood it has no rival, and all Gosport, Portsmouth, and Portsea turns out on the occasion; so that the road over Portsdown Hill almost reminds one of getting on to the Downs at Epsom, or perhaps a better simile would be the journey to Lansdowne from Bath. Besides this, he also two years ago got up both steeplechases in the spring and races in the summer at Hayling Island but though both meetings passed off very well, the course was a wretchedly bad one, and after the first year no attempt was made to revive them. As regards the steeplechasing, the country was beastly in the extreme, and the racecourse had only the recommendation of being close to the sea, for worse galloping ground could hardly have been found, so their abandonment was altogether a wise one; and sticking to his old love, the pretty little Waterloo course will no doubt now receive the benefit of his lordship's undivided attention. Besides being an owner of racehorses and steeplechasers, and a rider to hounds, Lord Poulett has also ridden successfully on the flat, and won the Tally-ho Stakes at the Liverpool Hunt Club Races on his own horse, Venator, by Gemma di Vergy, 1867—a *bond jide* hunter, by the way, and one that had been doing duty all the winter in the Hambleton establishment. We hear that, like the Duke of Hamilton, he now intends training some steeplechasers in France, and altogether we must look on him as one of our most enthusiastic patrons of the sport.





STEEPLE-CHASING.—THE START.

THOUGH the start for a great cross-country event has been given as one of our illustrations, in reality here getting well off is not nearly of so much consequence as on the flat, and a length or two lost in getting away is generally equalised by the falls and refusals that occur in the course of most spins across country. To get well off is an advantage, all must admit, but over a steeplechase course taking the lead and keeping it are quite separate affairs, and though the man on a good-tempered, kind fenceer may do well to keep clear of the ruck, with an uncertain one or a horse that refuses, it will often prove wisdom to wait and let something give him a lead, when all but the most determined brutes will follow. The crowd and bustle of a lot of horses will also often cheer up and excite a faint-hearted one, so that he may be induced to take fences in company that singly he would certainly refuse. False starts even in steeplechasing will occur, but there can be no necessity for them, and nothing is more ridiculous than when four miles and even more of deep country have to be traversed, to see men stop their horses because another may have gained a length or two of them in getting away. With a lot of quick ones around him, and only half a mile ere the post is reached, we can quite understand how a jockey may be anxious to get off in front, as a chance lost then is scarcely to be regained, and unless the leaders are ridden to a standstill, and "come back," there is little chance of making up lost ground. But in the steeplechase it is altogether different, and a good selection of ground and making use of a horse at the right moment are of far more importance than a length or two to begin with. Nevertheless, a start of some kind there must be, and even when Jim Hills and Mr. H.—rode their match over the Vale of White Horse, and after the word "go" was given, quietly sat and arranged who should have a shy at the first fence, there was some one to give them "the office." Under these circumstances, the drawing, though it would have been more appropriate amongst our racing sketches, is certainly not out of place in the delineation of cross-country sports; and when a score-and-a-half of Grand National competitors come together to face the flag their positions are as eagerly scanned as the dismissal of a lot from the Derby post. Many a heart has beat anxiously as its owner has drawn his horse in line behind the starter, and surveyed the white flags that pointed out the country to be traversed, and many a one has ere now cursed the moment in which he undertook a task for which he had neither pluck nor skill. But if there are a few who find themselves out of place when the moment of trial comes, there are also those good men and true to whom a stiff country causes no more uneasiness than a ride in the Row.

See Mr. Edwards, how quietly he handles The Lamb or Benazet when preparing for the word; or watch Mr. Yates taking Bristles or Playman to the post, and you would suppose that he was starting for a quiet canter. But on the other hand, notice either one or the other on a rum one, and you will see them sit down and let their nags *feel* that they are not to be trifled with, and no shifting will get them out of the contemplated journey; or let us take the other side of the question, and fancy George Stevens or Johnny Page getting an unwilling one to face his horses, and we have some idea of what a determined horseman can accomplish.

Sorry are we to say it, but this picture has a reverse, and perhaps more bad horsemanship is to be seen in connection with steeplechasing than anywhere else. This especially occurs in Hunt, Military, and Farmers' races, and when men who may be fairly good riders to hounds attempt the totally different task of riding races across country. We are far from including all who ride in these races in this assertion, as Mr. Goodman, Capt. Coventry, Capt. Harford, Colonel Knox, "the Walkers," "the Wilsons," and many others, who can hold their own anywhere and everywhere, are to be seen sporting silk for them. But these riders stand out in prominent relief from the bulk of competitors, for the host of incapables we have seen perform at local meetings have been often so ridiculous in their efforts as to become a perfect burlesque of the sport. It will perhaps hardly be credited that this very spring we saw two men start in a match, neither of whom could get their horses out of the starting field, while not a few have negotiated the first obstacle on their own account and left their horses behind them. Many years ago, in a military race at Guillane, the first obstacle was a wall, at which a clever old brown horse stopped short, and deposited his rider safely on the other side. With real game, however, he stuck to the bridle, recrossed the wall, and, in spite of another regular cropper, won the race, though so covered was he with blood that his colours were barely distinguishable when he weighed in. But the flag is down, the team in then stride to a tolerably even start, and though the captain on the hard-puller has got a little the best of it, and the short-tailed one with Lord Zetland's colours up (who, by the way, never patronises steeplechases,) is not quite so quick on his legs as the better bred ones, we may fairly conclude that they will all get on terms with the leader ere the first fence is reached; and wishing them a safe journey and a quick one to the winning chair, with the fall of the starter's flag we may dismiss them from the scene.



THE FIRST FENCE.

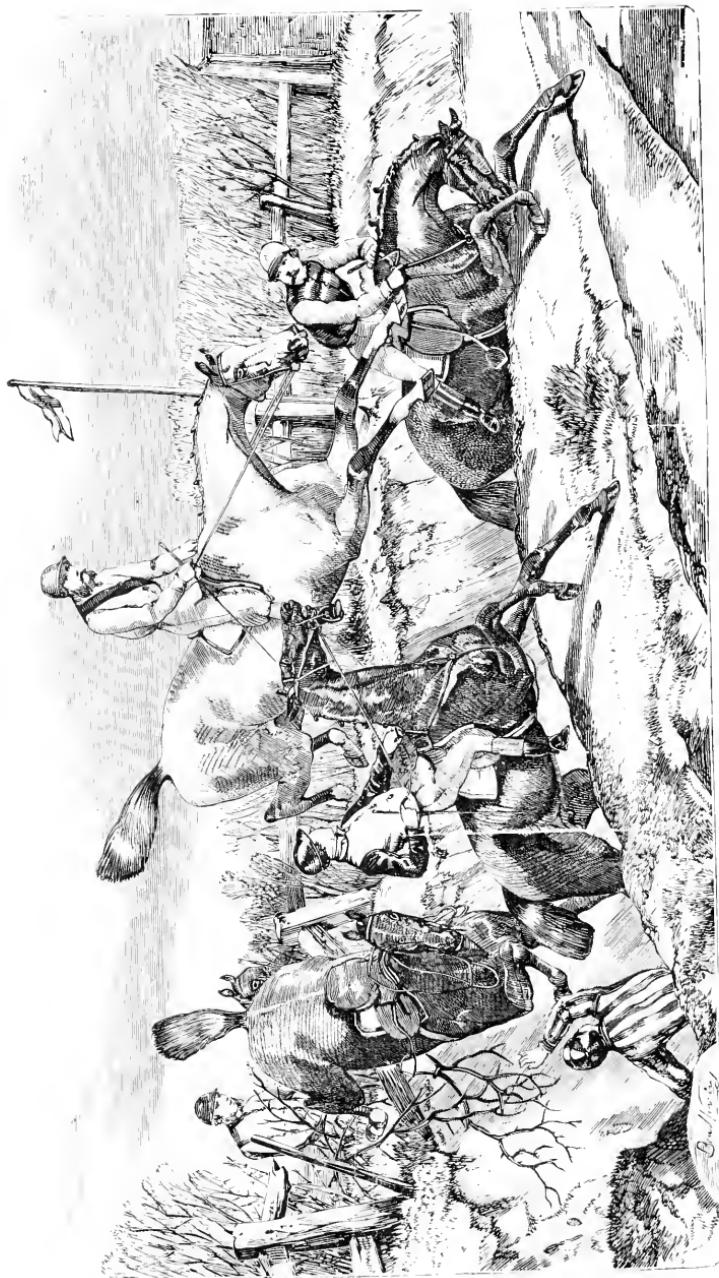
IN our last we dispatched the competitors on their adventurous journey across country; in the present we find them at the first obstacle to be encountered, and in contradiction to many courses in the present day, where an easy hurdle forms the prelude to fences all but as easy, unless appearances go for nought, there is really something to be got over. With hounds even the first fence tells, and whether it is bungled or negotiated in workmanlike manner makes all the difference to the position that is to be afterwards maintained. If this is the case when the line pursued is uncertain, and a lucky nick or check may again place the unfortunate one in the front, how disastrous must be the effect of a bank or fall in a steeplechase when the competitors have a certain line to traverse, and go at a pace that would have astonished many a Queen's Plater of a century ago. Even in the early days of steeplechasing a man had a better chance to recover lost ground, and when they ran from point to point, a knowledge of country and the nature of fences would come to his aid, so by taking a better line, avoiding ploughs and so forth, an early mistake might perchance be rectified. But now with courses that a horse can gallop over, and flags which all must pass between, a hundred yards lost, unless all the leaders come to grief, takes a deal of recovering, and the first fence, even though the obstacle be slight in itself, may be of great importance, as the means of establishing confidence between man and horse. When steeplechasing first became fashionable, none thought of entering anything but made hunters, and the Elmores, who were perhaps more successful than any others, after the sport had developed itself beyond private matches and sweepstakes between gentlemen, had, unless I have been misinformed, their horses regularly trained in a ring with good stiff fences, where a man could stand in the centre, and lounge them round, without incurring the risk of hurting their legs by weight on the back, or endangering the neck of a rider. Of course all horsemen will understand that only the preliminaries could be acquired in this way; for nothing but fine handling and determined riding can render a horse fit to take his place amongst good company over a real steeplechase course. Nevertheless the plan is by no means to be despised, and within the last year or two I have seen a place fitted up at Oxford—by a gentleman to whom Alma Mater had imparted something more than a taste for the classics—on exactly the same principle, and which he had found did yeoman's service with various young thoroughbreds that came into his hands. He, at any rate, has had a fair share of success, and the system, so far as the A B C of fencing is concerned, cannot be bad. With hunters we know from experience that it works well, and, after all, the difference is only in the pace at which you ride at the fence; once let the horse know that it must be cleared, or a fall is the certain result, and you may then teach him to take it at whatever pace you like. Except in a few hands, we fancy in the present day all knowledge of fencing is considered quite superfluous in steeplechase horses. Thus we see animals that have been figuring in flat races all the summer brought to the post in the autumn, and set going across country, with but little regard to their own limbs or riders' necks. Moreover, to favour this style of doing things fences are generally cut down, so that they can literally be galloped over, and if a man will only follow the example of Captain Beecher in the first hurdle-race ever run (which came off under Tommy Coleman's auspices at No Man's Land), and get his nag between two others so that he finds the fence the easiest way out, and put on steam enough, he is pretty well sure to get over.

Times have so far changed that matches over the Beacon or Round course are gone out of date, and four mile heats would subject the starter and clerk of the course to a little attention from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; yet we see the very horses which in all probability would have been engaged in these matches rattling their four miles across ridge and furrow, and then coming in at a pace which would have set the old school of Newmarket sportsmen at defiance, and frustrated all attempts at betting across the jockeys. Indeed in a modern steeplechase, Mr. Clark would have small chance of placing “a tall gentleman in a white mackintosh first.” But we must plead guilty to wandering from our subject, and, so far from confining our attention to the first fence, fear we have strayed in dangerous proximity (due regard being had to the work before us) to the winning-post, and, like Tom Coleman before mentioned, have so managed our line that we can in a single spin both act as starter and judge. Such, however, at present is far from our intention, and we must crave pardon if having so far let our subject run away with us, we have overstepped the bounds of good jockeyship and attempted to make running even while the first fence had to be encountered. Lend us then your eye, kind reader (if with your glasses, so much the better), for a moment, and we will watch the field as, going well together, they rattle up to the first fence. See them now that each horse is fresh and full of go, and each rider has for this event, at least, screwed his courage to the sticking point, and hardened his heart for the encounter; what pleasure then

“To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it! Then your time
To prove you master of the *ménage*. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced, as you were one,
Scanning the distance. Then you give him rein,
And let him fly,” &c., &c.

The above description completely realizes our own idea of the way horses should be taken to their fences, and in poetry bears out the maxim Dick Christian enunciated in more homely form:—“I always get my horse on his hind legs when coming to a fence, and then am over and away before the rushers.” First fences are not however always to be taken in the style Mr. Herring has depicted, and we have only to turn to the description of the last Grand National at Liverpool to see what confusion and dismay a single refusal can create in a large field of horses. In fact, it scarcely ever does so much mischief as at first, for then horses are naturally more clustered and have less room to avoid each other than later on, when not only has the pace told out a great many, but falls and refusals have weeded the field. Oxbaldeston, who when steeplechasing was in its infancy proved himself as much “master of the *ménage*” in it as in the hunting field or behind the ditch at Newmarket, had a great idea of something that would thin the field, and “let us have a good bullfinch to begin with, that I may shake this fellow off,” was his request when about to ride Grimaldi in the match against Seffert and Moonraker. But the notions of the copper-bottomed squire are not so much in vogue now, and hurdles with gorse on the top are generally considered a sufficient barrier, and in fact oftener than not do duty for fences throughout the whole of the course. The line of real hunting country is changed for the vicinity of a race-course, where the running can be watched from the stand, and the old Leicestershire battle-ground from Shankton Holt to the Ram’s Head Cover, over which the Marquis rode in so many tough encounters, has been guiltless of flag-poles for years. Pulling and roping have taken the place of the stern determination to win at any price that characterised the heroes of old, and instead of an even fifty that was always stood between two well-known amateurs as to which was first past the post, horses are *worked* for a season or two, until the weight and the money are right, and a fortune can be realized on a single race, when they are *slipped*.





COME TO GRIEF.

THEIR is no mistake about it, the artist here presents us with a decided case of grief, and seldom have we seen a place likelier to produce such a calamity than the one selected. In fact, it is such a rasper as seldom ornaments or disfigures (call it which you like) a line, and has a decided Galway look about it, a place where they do, or at any rate did like to see their friends and horses negotiate obstacles that were worth doing. Our neighbours on the Continent also go in more for this style of thing than ourselves, but then it must be remembered that except in a few, a very few instances, they do not ride themselves; and as to killing an Englishman, why they are used to it, or at least to falling about, and rather like it than otherwise, so it's no matter. There is always an inclination to see others encounter danger with a sort of inward satisfaction; and the Cockney who, when he had seen a man or two killed at the same fence in a steeplechase, and others borne away bleeding and with broken limbs, was heard to thank Providence for having placed him where so much fun occurred, was not perhaps such an exceptional individual as we should like to believe. Three down out of four is not bad work, and the present scene would have been very much to his taste. It is a question whether he would have derived so much gratification from the gallant way in which the gray is doing his work, as from seeing his less fortunate companions grassed, and really the horse in the left-hand corner appears to have chance enough of committing homicide to satisfy the cravings of the most sanguinary. Fortunately, however, though we do read of horses with broken backs, and men being killed, fatal accidents are not nearly so numerous as might be anticipated, and a man may encounter a great amount of grief without being much the worse for it, if, like Assheton Smith, he only knows how to fall. Capt. Shakespeare says:—"After upwards of twenty-seven years of service; after having, on three separate occasions, had bones broken in hunting, twice from horses falling and rolling over; having been wounded by a wild boar; wounded by a panther; and again wounded in action, the author of these pages is still in good health, and capable of riding a hundred miles in the day." From this it will be seen that a man may stand a deal of knocking about without being much the worse, and indeed no better proof of this could be brought forward than the green old age of the before-mentioned Mr. Smith who rode well to hounds after he was eighty years of age, and had fallen into every field in Leicestershire. Fatal accidents, for the most part, do not happen at the raspers, but generally at some little trumpery obstacle that a donkey could surmount. Thus, not more than twelve months ago we saw a poor fellow roll with his horse over a common sheep hurdle, who was carried senseless away, only to live for a few hours. Thank goodness, these occurrences are rare, and would be rarer still but for the untrained, bad-tempered brutes that many men think good enough to risk the lives of their fellow-creatures on in a steeplechase; horses which they dare not mount themselves for the world, and yet will put under another to run all the risks of a race across country. These are the animals that come to grief and kill people, while horses thoroughly up to their business will run chase after chase without making a mistake, and hardly get a fall in a season. To see this we need only point to the stables of Lords Poulett and Coventry, or observe how Mr. Yates's nags run on week after week and keep their legs. Another reason for this is their being turned out always in condition

fit to contest a race, and not weak and below the mark, as is the case with a great many that come to the post. This, we believe, to be as fruitful a source of falls as anything, for no horse can jump when exhausted, and the smallest fences will throw him down when in that state.

All horses, of course, make a mistake sometimes, as even Pearl Diver, who, his friends said, "did not know how to fall," gave them the lie at the "table jump," in last year's Grand National; but they put you down in a different style to the weak and incapable ones, and at least allow the opportunity of getting out of their way, which the others often do not. Luckily, even grief has its ludicrous as well as its serious side. We remember a young man who, emerging from a brook into which he had plunged head foremost, caused great amusement by ejecting the black, muddy water which had invaded his mouth, with a gesture of disgust, and exclaiming at the same time—"What d—d bad water! Has anyone a flask of brandy?"

The Druid in the "Post and the Paddock" relates that in a military race two men were so flurried at coming down together that they unwittingly exchanged horses, and the winner found on returning to scale that he was steering a bay mare instead of the brown horse on which he started. One of the most remarkable instances ever heard of occurred some years ago at Epsom, though that was in a flat race, and scarcely comes within the scope of our present subject; nevertheless, perhaps we shall be excused for mentioning it. The event is thus told in the "History of Horse Racing":—"Just before coming in at the winning post, being crossed by a gentleman on horseback, a rider was thrown; but his leg hanging in the stirrup the horse carried his weight in, and won miraculously without hurting the rider." There! talk about the Chifney rush, or the patience and fine riding of Fordham! they are tarts and cheesecakes to winning a race head downwards in this fashion, and the jockey of 1776 may literally be said to have won anyhow. Mr. Yates was thought to have done a good thing at Croydon a few years ago, when, after a burster at the water jump, he arose from mother earth just as his horse Harold was making off, and with a presence of mind never to be surpassed seized him by the tail, and, thus regaining the saddle, beat the crack Cortelyou. But this fades into insignificance by the side of our Epsom friend who was carried in a winner by a foot. We have all read how the Vicar of Wakefield (as he was facetiously termed) was set going for the Liverpool, and looked, when in a regular scrimmage at Beecher's Bank, like a man who had swallowed a waggon-load of monkeys; but it is, we believe, not so generally well-known that a trainer of the present day, who in earlier times had the care of old Cheerroot, to his utter amazement rode and won a steeplechase on him. The facts, as related to us, run thus: Cheerroot was sent for a steeplechase, and either a gentleman or a professional engaged to ride him. The day and hour came, however, without the man, and there was nothing for it but to supply his place with the old horse's attendant, who, though a fair jockey and good exercise rider, had never faced a fence in his life. That he did not fancy his job may be supposed, and he took his leg up with the full intention of pulling the horse round at the first convenient opportunity, alleging that he had refused, and returning at least ere the brook was reached, his greatest dread being the water. But Cheerroot knew of no such half measures, and going away at a rattler refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, and, in spite of himself, bore him triumphantly over all obstacles (the brook included) and passed the winning flag first, thus making him a hero in spite of himself.



WINNING EASILY.

AS with the chase, so with the steeplechase, some of the leading incidents of which we have presented to our readers. And now we come to the final scene, where the Captain, who has been waiting patiently off until the last leap is safely negotiated, comes out with his horse full of running, and takes him to the front. There he sits, calm as though taking his dinner, and with hands well down is stealing away without having once to call upon his horse; in fact, the orders that Blacklock's trainer gave his jockey when he put him up for the Leger, to "lie thee hands down and let him stride away and distance them," have in this instance a fair chance of being carried out; for though the nag in the double-reined snaffle and martingale has a good effort left in him yet, his companion has all the best of it, and must with luck land the winner.

So much for the accompanying sketch, which is one of the most spirited in our collection. And now, as this is our last effort in the steeplechase line, perhaps we may be allowed to say something about its antecedents and antiquity. In the first place, a very general and at the same time erroneous impression prevails that steeplechasing is a sport of modern date, and an innovation on the province of both the racer and hunter. This is fallacious, and though there is no record of its having been carried on quite on the same principles as in the present day, there can be no doubt that trials of speed and endurance across country were very general amongst our ancestors at a much earlier date than we give them credit for. Though the first regular accredited steeplechase was run off in Leicestershire now nearly eighty years since, and won by a scion of the grand old Meynell, who made that county the happy hunting-ground of the *élite* of England, still, the venture in which the judge placed Meynell first, Forester second, and Gilbert Heathcote last, was but a resuscitation under another form of the trail scent, or drag hunt, which our ancestors appear to have enjoyed as much as Oxonians have done in these later days. In the race to which we have alluded, the distance was eight miles, from the Coplow to Barkley Holt and back; and even the research of the Druid has been able to elucidate little more concerning it.

If we look back to old Gervase Markham's directions for training horses, we find the chase of the badger and fox, in the then state of the country, discountenanced, but that of the stag, buck, and hare recommended for training horses, whether for pleasure or for wager. But what could the wager be that required a horse trained for it in such a way; certainly not on the race-course, for even at this early period was not Newmarket in full swing, with its regular courses and gallops, whereon horses could be sweated and galloped, and the work they did as well as the distance they were sent along measured to a nicety? With these advantages, who would have encountered the drawbacks of an animal running at will over ground good or bad, and the uncertain pace of a pack of hounds, which must be regulated by the day and the scent, instead of by the work the horse was required to do? But something more than a plain gallop was wanted; in fact, the training evidently enough was for a race across country instead of on the flat, or for what in those days was termed a hunting match, where, as in the modern Oxford Drag Hunt, or the paper hunts of India or the Crimea, trail scents, either with or without hounds, were used to point out the line to be taken; and our good old ancestors, no doubt, scuttled away right merrily on their "Barbary jennets or light English geldings," as

old Gervase hath it. Here, with the form slightly altered, but not more so than from the old-fashioned four-mile heats to the present T.Y.C. spin, we get the steeplechase, or at any rate its counterpart.

Possibly, their essays may have been more across rough ground, bogs, heath, and so forth, than would exactly suit the notions of Mr. Edwards or Geo. Stevens; but doubtless there was a certain amount of fencing included, and not unlikely a deep and broad river or two in the line, as in that martial age a horseman was expected to manage his steed as well in the water as on land; and if they could not, like Dick Christian, "ketch 'em up and make 'em go" across thirty feet of water at a fly; they could encounter rivers where many of their successors would look out for a boat. In fact, their bits and saddles must have sadly interfered with really scientific riding across country; but after having, in our own experience, seen a Yorkshire boy get along respectably with hounds on a rough unkempt pony, by the aid of a hemp halter thrust in his mouth, and a thorn twig pulled from the hedge to act the part of whip, spur, and one rein, we must give them the credit of having made at least a decent fight across country. But space warns us to drop the old-world stories, and come to the time when steeplechasing, pure and simple, became an institution in our country.

This we may fairly date from the day when Captain Ross and Lord Kennedy met on the coach, and discussed the merits of Captain Douglas as a rider, the result of which was the celebrated Clinker and Radical match. This set the ball rolling, and then we find Clasher and Osbaliston, Beecher and Vivian, Moonraker, Grimaldi, and Co., taking up the tale. Then Jerry became but a grand prelude to the celebrated Elmore Lottery era, and in conjunction with Gaylad, the short-quartered brown, who had a grey tag to his tail just like a fox, play'd such havoc amongst his compeers, that handicaps succeeded penalties, any amount of which failed to stop Jem Mason and the Holderness Brown. Then Cigar, Peter Simple, and Vanguard formed a triplet of grays well worthy the fame of their renowned predecessor, Grimaldi. And Discount, with the Switcher as aide-de-camp, put in a strong claim for the light and dark chesnuts. The latter was a queer gentleman to ride, and perhaps on the whole scarcely so good as his stable companion St. Leger, and he used to give Lord Strathmore a rough time of it to shove him along over ditch and bullfinch. These done with, Bourton and Lord George, whom we remember seeing start for the Goodwood Cup in Nancy's year, worthily carried on the cross-country honours, until light weights and handicaps brought in a lower standard, and it took the prestige of Lord Coventry, with the crack sisters Emblem and Emblematic, once more to give a real sterling character to the sport, despite the prowess of Huntsman, Emigrant, and another or two. With L'Africaine the French seemed about to ent us down in cross-country events, as they did with Gladiateur on the turf; but there was a mystery hanging about both, which sadly marred their brilliant performances. By the way, it just occurs to us that we have this year seen Eltham, third to the French crack in the Derby, and one of the best of the lot that he gained so much kudos by beating, figuring in hack races, and in bad company even for such affairs. What a feat for the *best horse the turf ever saw* to canter away from Christmas Carol who has once since won a handicap, and from Eltham who runs back selling races. Truly he, the great, the invincible Gladiateur worked hard for his renown! But he is not a steeplechaser, and consequently beyond our remarks. We beg his pardon for mentioning the mighty name in such company, but unfortunately all his followers have descended so low, that they call to mind the adage, "tell me your company, and I will tell you who you are." Again, space warns us that we must follow our cross-country memories no further, and as more recent events are touched on in another place, we may well dismiss the theme, and turn our attention to the sister sport on the flat.



SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY.

AS we have taken the Duke of Beaufort as one of the most distinguished amongst masters of hounds, and Lord Poulett as an owner of steeplechasers, so there is no one on the turf that has been to the fore oftener in great races than Sir Joseph Hawley; and well indeed has he earned the title conferred on him of the Lucky Baronet, for not only has he owned four Derby winners, but, as Buckle said, has picked up most of the good things at Newmarket and at other places besides. It is now some years since he became an owner of race-horses, and his first passion for the sport was developed while residing in Italy, where he ran a few horses in conjunction with Mr. Stanley. In 1846 he won his first great race in England with Maini, who beat the highly-tried Cossack for the July, and then followed her success by winning the Oaks the next Spring. Thus the roan daughter of Venison proved at the time a much more remunerative purchase than the Oaks winner of the year before, Mendicant, bought for a large sum from Mr. Gulley for the purpose of winning the Ascot Cup, for which she ran nowhere, and Houghton Down must have been far more to Sir Joseph's liking than Danebury at the time. The wonderful daughter of Touchstone, however, made ample amends at the stud for her shortcomings on the turf, and laid the foundation of some of the greatest successes of modern days for the subject of our notice. Fernhill, purchased from Tom Parr, did him yeoman's service, and won both the Northamptonshire Stakes and Metropolitan. The Venison blood again came to his aid with Vatican, third to The Dutchman in the St. Leger, and winner of several good stakes besides; but afterwards turned such a desperate savage at the stud, that he was deprived of sight. Aphrodite was able to run home head-and-head with the Danebury Derby crack, Grecian, for the July, and then to win the Chesterfield, besides placing the One Thousand and Park Hill to her three-year-old credit; indeed, she was one of the most beautiful fillies we ever remember to have seen. Few have had such a string of three-year-olds in their stable at the same time as Aphrodite, Teddington, The Ban, and Confessor. For though the game little Derby winner was not Sir Joseph's own horse, he ran in the cherry jacket and was under his management. The Derby, One Thousand, Doncaster Cup, Park Hill, and Great Yorkshire Handicap, is not—added to being second for the Two Thousand—a bad allowance of great races for one stable in the year. Notwithstanding this success, with the autumn came the determination to sell off the baronet's stud, and, with the exception of The Confessor and Owl, they came to the hammer. Luckily, Mendicant's figure stopped short of the £500 reserve, and with her and a few other mares he commenced breeding, the effect of which was that five years later the black and chestnut Beadsman and Fitz-Roland were walking about the Stockbridge Downs in breaking tackle. But luck used their owner so scurvily that he took private training grounds on Cannon Heath, with George Manning as master of the horse, and removed his stud from Danebury before these horses had shown their true merits. Fortune soon dawned upon the new undertaking, for the Two Thousand and Derby both came to Kingsclere in the following year; and the two-year-old Musjid began to show what was in him at the Stockbridge Meeting. It is somewhat singular that within a very short space John Day should have lost two studs, through their owners preferring to train privately, which contained the winner of a Two Thousand and a Derby, besides a dead-heater for the Newmarket Stakes, and such clinkers as Musjid and Buccaneer, as they say in dinner parlance, to follow. Perhaps still more strange is the wonderful luck which followed both the teams thus removed, one of which was placed under the care of a hunting groom, who did wonders with them; though, good as he was in the stable, he did not prove himself strong enough to ward off enemies from without, and through the treachery of his own lads lost a great chance of pulling off some of the great three-year-old races. But to return. We left Sir Joseph with Beadsman and Fitz-Roland at the head of the poll as three-year-olds, with Musjid just beginning to show the best two-year-old form of the season; and thus far the Manning and Wells *ménage* seemed as successful as the Taylor and Marson one of old, when the chestnut brown and bay

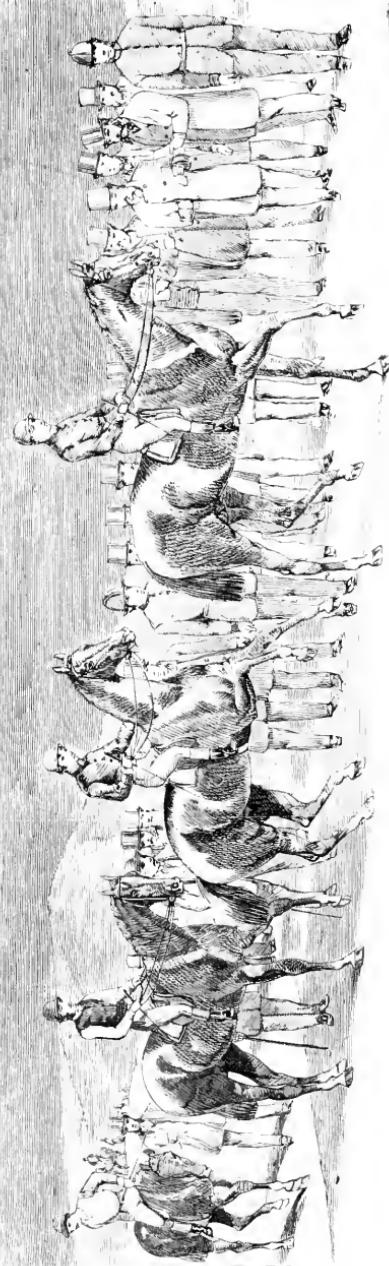
carried all before them. The son of Orlando and Queen's Head became a great favourite for the St. Leger, for which his chance was undoubtedly great, when he unfortunately broke down, and the turf knew him no more. This horse was bought at the Hampton Court sale for 410 guineas, but Beadsman was the produce of Weatherbit and the high-priced Mendicant, for whose failure he amply recompensed Sir Joseph when the Derby winnings came in, and has done yet more for him by the excellency of his stock. We believe a walk-over at Stockbridge was nearly his only performance after winning the Derby, though he found an admirable successor in the Tickhill-bred Musjid, who so far carried out his two-year-old promise as just to do Marionette, Trumpeter, and Promised Land for the Derby, when his legs failed him; and in a stud career which death closed early, he has left us nothing particular by which to remember him. We then find Sir Joseph with nothing very good until the lucky purchase of Asteroid from Admiral Rous put him in possession of about the best horse of his day, and added the Ascot and Chester Cups to his sideboard trophies, besides a host of other good things too numerous to mention in an article of this description. But the bonny bay at length, after showing his wiry frame in all parts of England, was put on the retired list, and the first of the Beadsman's gave little promise of the goodly harvest that was yet to come; while Wells was oftener seen at the post for great stakes in the blue and orange than in the cherry and black, until The Palmer came out a hot favourite at Ascot for the Maiden Plate, which he won, beating a large field with D'Estournel amongst them, and forthwith brought his Derby chance into notice. How he was beaten for that race, how he subsequently trained on, and the form he showed last autumn, are now become matters of history. But a still more formidable detachment was added to the Kingsclere string the next year in Blue Gown, Rosiercian, and Green Sleeve. The former, after being beaten by Lady Elizabeth, Grimston, and Co., and being denounced as "short," "a pig of a horse," besides having sundry other choice epithets bestowed upon him, electrified the sporting world by the way in which he carried an unknown weight, "making mincemeat" of his field in the Champagne at Doncaster. It was surmised for a time that the *jockey* would sever the long connection between Sir Joseph and Wells. The other Beadsman's, by running first and second in the Middle Park Plate, as well as winning the Criterion after Blue Gown had placed the Clearwell to his credit, almost made it look as though, like Edwards of old, Sir Joseph had a whole team in his stable capable of winning the Derby. When Blue Gown was at length sent to the right-about, the war waxed hot between the partisans of Rosiercian and Green Sleeve. But the Spring found only the despised one with his two-year-old form remaining, and in spite of the certainty it was considered for the Danebury mare, the public lumped their money on Blue Gown, and Wells won Sir Joseph his fourth Derby on "the people's horse." The wonderful weight-carrying powers Blue Gown showed in the autumn raised a hot and wilful unprofitable discussion as to his being the best horse of the century, which, after all, can be but matter of opinion where no trial is obtainable; and now, since he this Spring has beaten Blueskin with difficulty, and been bowled over by Vespasian, he will probably be decried as great an imposter as he was before a wonder. From some cause, probably hard work, he appears to have lost his once great form, and we shall most probably next hear of him as a stud hero. Meanwhile, there is another of the family that must not escape our notice, and in naming Pero Gomez we mention one of the best two-year-olds of his year, and a promising aspirant for Derby honours. Whether he is destined to be enrolled in "Weatherby" as the actual winner or not, he has yet done well for the fame of his breeder, and Sir Joseph's name will be handed down to posterity as the producer and owner of some of the best horses that have ever trod the turf. We say this advisedly; for if Teddington, Blue Gown, and Asteroid are not the best we have seen—and we by no means assert them to be so, they have run in such company and under such weights as few have attempted, and, instead of confining their jousts to those of their own year, have thrown down the gauntlet to the best of all ages. Not only as a successful breeder and straightforward owner will Sir Joseph be remembered, but also for his attempt, whether it prove successful or (like Lord Coventry's equally desirable motion) is cast on one side, to ameliorate some of the labours from which two-year-olds now suffer. We may add that his name will be handed down to posterity as a humane man as well as a good sportsman.



STOCKWELL AND BLINK BONNY.

ALL experience points to the paddock as the place where the germ of future success in racing pursuits is first laid, and on the proper mating of sire and dam must depend the excellence of every horse produced. A few years ago this was left very much to chance, some successful runner or fashionable sire being selected without reference to the suitability of his blood to the mare allotted him. But this is in a great measure changed now, and the chance of mixing with various strains of blood is more carefully studied than formerly; indeed there is no doubt that though influences over which we can exert no control may affect the produce so as to render it useless, much may be done towards producing better class horses by such study. Under these circumstances we offer no apology for placing the paddock second in our list of turf scenes, and no more worthy representatives of their class as a blood sire and brood mare could be offered than Stockwell and Blink Bonny. In fact, both have reached the highest pinnacle of fame, both on the turf and in the paddock, and well, indeed, may the former be termed the Emperor of Stallions. But *place our dunes* must be our motto, and ere entering on his merits we will discuss those of his consort, Blink Bonny. This celebrated mare was a daughter of Melbourne and Queen Mary, by Gladiator, and worthily takes rank beside the old horse's sons, Sir Tatton Sykes and West Australian, with his daughter Cymbla. As a two-year-old she was very successful, but at three her reverses began, and when an immense public favourite she was beaten all to nothing by Imperieuse for the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. The mare was said to be amiss at the time from shelling her teeth, and did so badly between that period and Epsom, that her owner and trainer, T'Anson, had little hope of attaining the success which really awaited him. Anxiously as he watched the race, his mare was nowhere to be seen until a few strides from the chair, when she came out from her horses like an arrow from a bow and won the first Derby that a filly had carried off since Eleanor in 1801. Like her, too, she won the ladies' race; but the Oaks was a very different affair from the Derby, and the mare, still continuing to improve, so spread-eagled her field that the judge placed them all. With such credentials it is no wonder that she became a hot favourite for the St. Leger despite the claims of Ignoramus, and the race was considered as little more than a match between the pair. These deductions, however, proved fallacious, and ere the Stand was reached both of them were seen to be hopelessly tailed off, and Imperieuse, who had beaten her in the One Thousand and herself suffered defeat in the Oaks, added another to John Scott's long bedroll of Leger victories. On the Friday she won the Park Hill Stakes easily enough, and so great was public indignation at these equivocal performances, that T'Anson and Charlton barely escaped lynching on the spot, and a cry was raised to hamstring the mare as she returned to scale. Three years old saw the best of her; and though she started at Goodwood the next year she never could be prepared properly, and, quitting the turf, made her first stud alliance with Newminster, the offspring of which was the clever little mare Borealis. It was, however, from a visit to Stockwell that her paddock fame was destined to spring, and by the aid of Blair Athol to place the Derby and St. Leger to the credit of Spring Cottage. In his first essay he won the Derby, and then closed a short but brilliant turf career appropriately with the Doncaster trophy. Twice he suffered defeat, but on each occasion there was some allowance to be made for him. The next foal of Stockwell and Blink Bonny, Breadalbane, though sold to Mr. Chaplin for an enormous price before he commenced racing, turned out very moderate; and the old mare died ere she could breed him up, so a cart mare was called in as stepmother. It is certainly strange that with two horses the produce of the same parents, one should be so much inferior to the other, which can only be accounted for by some influence unknown to us at present. Nevertheless, it is frequently

the case, and as another instance we may cite Miss Twickenham, dam of Teddington, one of the very best horses ever saddled, who never threw another worth training, and, though tried again with Orlando, failed as signally as she succeeded in the first instance. *Paradigm*, on the contrary, bred winners to nearly everything, and when sent to Stockwell produced Lord Lyon, winner of the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger. She then on a second visit threw Achievement, who, though perhaps not on the whole so successful, was, we believe, in her best form far superior to her brother. But it is time we turned to Stockwell himself. Though to those who know the neighbourhood now it seems almost incredible, he was foaled at Stockwell, where Mr. Theobald then had a stud farm. Got by the savage Baron, who was one of the horses that John Scott picked out and developed so mysteriously into Leger winners, he is out of *Pocahontas*, whose stud fame will live in memory with that of *Primella* and other Belgravian mothers as the ancestress of a perfect host of winners. To the Baron she bred Stockwell and Rataphan, who, by the way, was not so good as his elder brother; to Harkaway she bred King Tom, to Nutwith Knight of Kars, and Knight of St. Patrick to Knight of St. George. In Lord Lyon's year, the first three in the Two Thousand and the first four in the Derby were all descended from her. The old mare herself was by Gleneoe, a son of Sultan out of *Morpessa* by *Muly*. Stockwell was sold as a colt to Lord Exeter, who was as near as possible again parting with the best horse he ever possessed, but luckily did not do so. For him he won the Two Thousand and St. Leger, as well as the Yorkshire Stakes; but his luck, unlike *Blink Bonny*'s, deserted him at Epsom, and he was far from his best form when Daniel O'Rourke beat him for the blue riband. The game little Teddington sadly interfered with his Cup career, but he was always there or thereabouts, and left the turf as sound and free from blemish as on the day he was foaled and passed into the hands of Lord Londesborough, who had Stockwell and West Australian at the same time. *Bowe*'s bay was not, however, destined for anything like the fame of the flashing chestnut, and perhaps was no great loss to his country when he departed for French soil; as the faint-hearted *Wizard*, grand horse though he was to look at, is but a poor recommendation to West Australian. Very different are Stockwell's credentials; and when the Rawcliffe Stud Company made over their share in him to Mr. Naylor, who conjointly with them purchased him at Lord Londesborough's sale, they little thought what a mine of wealth they were relinquishing. With *Blair Athol* and Lord Lyon as Derby winners, the Marquis and Lord Lyon as Two Thousand winners, *Repulse* and *Achievement* as One Thousand victors, *Regalia* to represent him in the Oaks and St. Albans, *Caller On*, The Marquis, *Blair Athol*, Lord Lyon, and *Achievement* in the St. Leger—he has certainly had his share of most of the good things going. Into the cups and other races that his stock have won, space will not allow us to enter, but in this class of race he has been nearly as successful as in the three-year-old events. In fact, most of his stock, his horses in particular, retain their form for a longer period than other families, and like their sire a great number of them have legs that will stand any amount of training. Perhaps, setting aside his Derby and St. Leger horses, two better examples of stoutness and speed, somewhat above the average, than *Asteroid* and *Thunderbolt* could scarcely be brought forward, as each, over his own distance, was able to give away weight and yet win. Often have we watched Wells on the former making his own running over long courses, and galloping everything to a stand-still, and the latter has also delighted us by his fine speed for three-quarters of a mile, or seven furlongs. Speed we take to be the Stockwells' *je ne sais quoi* generally rather than stoutness, and Lord Lyon never showed to more advantage than over a mile, at which distance The Duke was certainly most brilliant. *Ostregar* was another that at a moderate distance could well hold his own, and Lord Ronald picked up some very useful crumbs at a mile, or a mile and a quarter. But our space is filled; and while the switch-tailed, haek-looking Melbourne wonder has passed away to the happy hunting-ground, her paddock partner luckily still remains to produce sound and lasting stock, and their mutual son, *Blair Athol*, holds high court at Middle Park, where to his keeping must their stud fame be consigned.



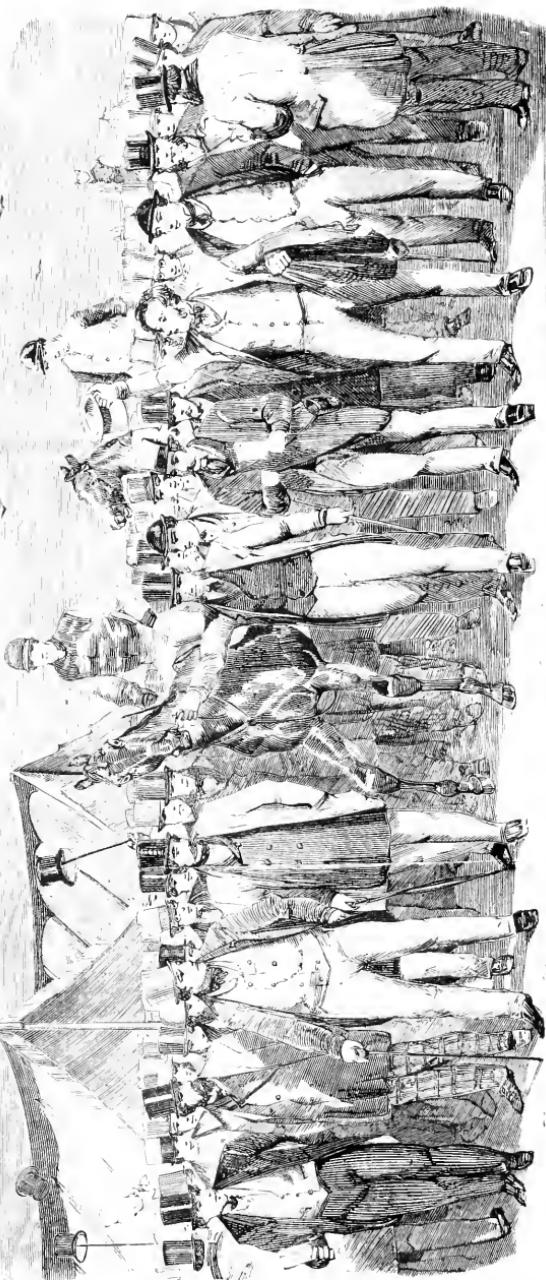
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GOING TO THE POST.

FEW prettier sights are to be seen than a field of horses filing quietly off on their way to the post. And few more exciting moments are experienced than those which so closely precede the start for a great race. How eagerly is the competitors' look, bearing, and condition scanned. How soon is it remarked if one is fretful, or another sweats. And how different the behaviour of the horses themselves. The dark brown, cool and collected, walks quietly away, unmindful of the throng which crowd and mob him, his eyes bright and ears moving backwards and forwards, his head nodding as he gives to the bit, and his tail swinging gaily from side to side in unison with his long and jaunty stride. His whole look and bearing bespeak confidence, and his backers having scanned him over, straightway return well pleased to the enclosure, feeling sure it will take something more than a false start or two to upset him, and he will take but little out of himself ere the actual contest begins.

Not so the chestnut that follows in a fiery fret, every vein on his skin standing out like network, his eyes flashing and nostrils quivering with excitement, as he snorts defiance to his foes. In vain does the jockey pat and caress him; all his tact can scarcely keep him from sending his rider over his head, as though shot from a catapult by a sudden back jump; and it is only the trainer's hold on the snaffle that restrains him from breaking away. As it is, he bares his head between his knees, sidles and plunges, and you may depend upon it he will give both trainer and jockey all they can do to get him safe to the post, to say nothing of getting well away from it. No matter how many false starts, he is sure to be in front each time, and great will be his luck if he does not run the course half through a time or two ere the actual race commences. Next him, again, is a regular slug—one that with drooping ears and careless gait all but falls on his nose at every other step, and by way of waking him up his jockey takes him by the head as soon as he leaves the saddling paddock, and shakes him up into a brisk gallop, administering very probably a couple of sidebinders by way of refreshing his memory, and letting him know that whatever he may do with the lad at exercise, he is now expected to exert himself by way of a change. No danger from him if the crowd do close round; but here is one that will make room—the wicked-looking bay mare that lashes out at every other stride, and appears to consider her fore legs amply sufficient for the purposes of progression. To get her settled down she is started in the wake of the slug; but kicking is more to her taste than galloping, and ere three strides are covered her head is down, and having delivered her heels well in the air she whips short round, and is returning to the paddock ere the jockey can recover his seat. Then commences a set-to between them, she with her head bored in the air resisting for a time all his efforts to turn her, and when he has done so, steadily refusing to proceed. Then comes an attendant, who, running a few yards by her side, again sets her going, but with no better success than before, and before the Stand is reached the same manoeuvre is again tried; but the jockey is prepared for her now, and instead of going nearly over her head, gives her a regular stinger behind the girths, for his patience is well-nigh exhausted. This rouses her ladyship and makes matters still worse, and a succession of gymnastics, much more edifying to the yokels, who enjoy the fun immensely, than to owner, trainer, or backers, is the result; and at last she is led away, still kicking, to join the others who are preparing to canter. At length they are all together and the course tolerably clear; Martin Starling's white handkerchief is waved aloft, and with a clatter like a charge of

cavairy they rattle by the Stand. Was the course cleared but a moment ago, it is crowded enough now, as each one is anxious to see how his favourite goes, and nothing but the narrowest track is left them between the ranks of the spectators. There is the chestnut pulling, rouping, tearing in front, his jockey calling "Hi, hi!" to those idiots who will cross from side to side just as the horses are coming, greatly to the danger of their own life and limbs, as well as of those of the rider. How differently the brown goes, as with arched neck, and taking well hold of his bit, he sweeps over the ground with lengthy stride, and action true as clock-work. Behind come the ruck, and last of all the slug, who, even in the preliminary, requires a touch of the persuaders and a considerable amount of riding to keep him to his work; and the wicked bay, whose tail betrays even now her inclination to stop and kick. Let us not, however, despise even these; the slug may settle into his stride, and go a rattler when warmed up to his work, and the wicked one may, in the excitement of the encounter, turn from the error of her ways. But the canters are at length over, the slug stopped without difficulty opposite the chair, and the chestnut pulled up half a mile beyond it, while the rest have been pretty equally distributed between them; so once again they are got together, and on their journey to the post. Did we say it was a pretty sight? We did it no more than justice. And whether it be on the crowded Downs of Epsom, before the aristocratic lawn of Goodwood, or in the horse-loving North, or the Town Moor of Doncaster, we know of few so heart-stirring to a real sportsman. There is one place—Newmarket—where all else connected with the turf is seen to perfection, but this one grand sight is missed. At Epsom we have taken our chance of a scramble to see the finish as we could, in order that we might be at the post when the brilliant throng files out of the paddock at the wicket opposite Sherwood's house, and in a gay phalanx draws up ahead of Mr. Meteorge, on the opposite brow, there to wait, amidst the suspense of thousands, until at last the flag shall be lowered to an equitable start. We had seen them as they circled round in Indian file ere the paddock was left for the course; anxiously had we watched the canters, and with haste sped away to the starting-post. Where could the lover of equine beauty see it in greater perfection than here, as some six-and-twenty thoroughbreds are set going, stopped, turned, and pulled up with every variety of attitude and movement of which their muscles are capable—a very horse-ballet in reality? But at length they are away, and we join the rush across to the hill, there to watch the result, for long ere this the stands are closed to us, and glass in hand we must now see the race as best we may. Very different is the quiet look at the nags as on the Cup-day they parade before the Stand at Goodwood, where, obedient to the starter's signal, they wheel and turn with the precision of cavalry ere they are brought in line and dispatched on their stamina-trying journey away round the hill. Second only to this—if second—is the parade of the St. Leger candidates, and here, as at Goodwood, the whole can be seen from the Stand without inconvenience, and each one can scan his favourite to his heart's content, and for those who care for more than the L. S. D. of racing, there is no greater treat than this. At Newmarket, as we before observed, this is lost, and he who would see all the competitors must be ubiquitous indeed, unless he is willing to lose the finish and meet them when they assemble at the post; for some are saddled in one place, some in another, some paraded publicly in the bird-cage, others sent by roundabout ways to the back of the ditch, and then saddled, mounted, and cantered; so that the eyes of an Argus and the speed of a Meteor could not compass an inspection of all, and be in time to indorse Mr. Clark's verdict at the ending post. But we have been a long time getting our competitors to the post, and must postpone cut short all further remarks and at once place them in the starter's hands, only hoping that the hot chestnut will be as patient as is consistent with his nature, that the bay mare will break the leg of neither man nor horse, that they may have a fair start and the best win.

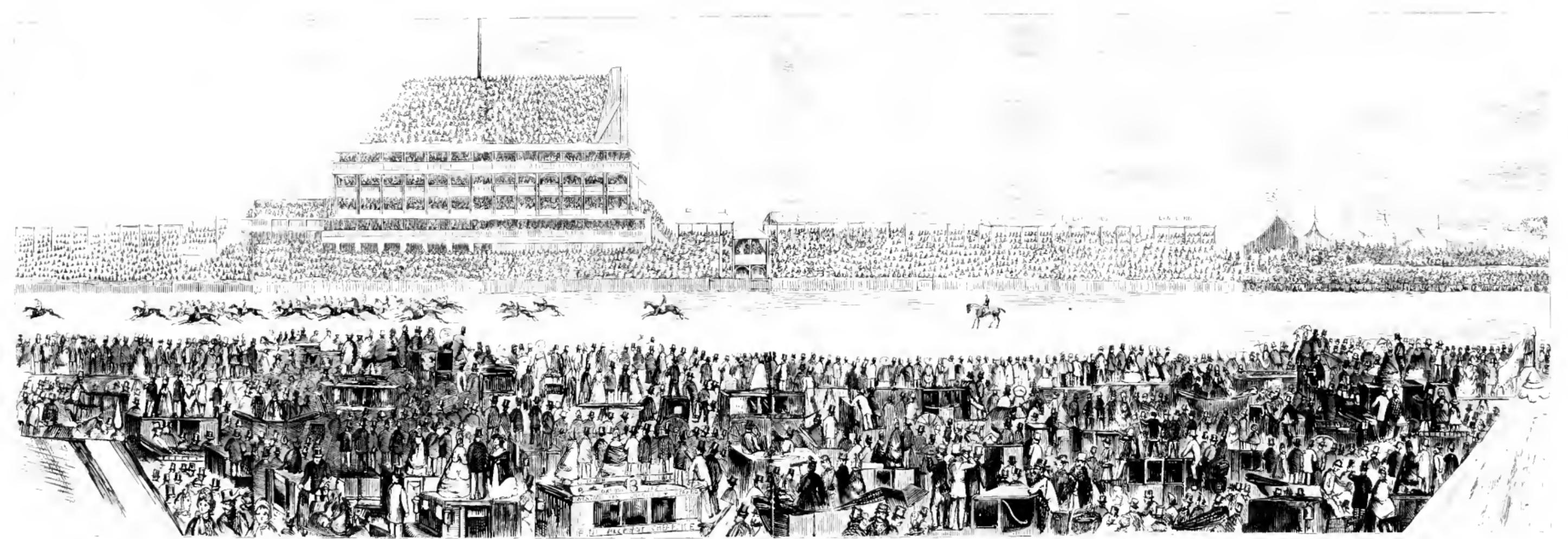


BRINGING IN THE WINNER.

NOW is the time for excitement: the end has come, and come, moreover, as we wished it. The colt whose sire and dam we selected, whose early paddock-days, and whose well-being during the ordeal of training we watched, has passed the post with his head in front, and his number is already displayed on the board. Once let the "All right" be pronounced as his jockey weighs in, and his name will be enrolled in "Ruff" and "Bailey" as the winner of a great race, and those to whose care, experience, and fore-thought his existence is due may glory in him for ever. Perhaps it is the proudest moment of our lives, as, with Martin Starling to clear the way, we take him by the head and lead the winner back to scale. "A tight fit, but I just did him," says the jockey as our hand is laid on the rein, and he, pale and exhausted from the struggle, leans forward to speak to us; the dull, glazed eye, the outstanding veins, distended nostril, and quivering limbs, tell unmistakably that the race has been a severe one, though the absence of the spur-marks that are freely bestowed over the flanks of the second horse bear witness that fine, patient riding rather than severe punishment has pulled him through. 'Tis a glorious moment, and so think the crowd, who are cheering and shouting round us, until the entrance to the sacred precincts of the enclosure compels them to fall back and gaze at a distance on the idol of the hour. Well may they cheer, for nearly all have won; the horse was the idol of the public, has done well throughout, gone straight for his engagement, and won it. Never, perhaps, was a finer opportunity for bringing the pail into operation, and thousands of public money would have flowed into it; but there is yet one thing dearer than wealth, and the honour of winning is a thing beyond all price. But are there none in the crowd who are not so jubilant? Aye, many a one. Cast your eye round and you will see them, backers of the second, who, had he been first past the post, would have realised them a fortune. Yes; pulled and reped in race after race, entered in trumpery selling stakes, sent to win at small meetings in bad company, the more effectually to blind the public, the money has been quietly got on him at long odds without attracting attention. Then, to make certainty more certain, horses that were dangerous have been bought out of his way, owners squared, trainers and jockies treated with, until there was not a horse with the ghost of a chance left in the race that was not a "safe 'un." But how about the winner: were his claims overlooked; did he not receive some share of this kind attention? Undoubtedly; the party were far too clever to leave anything to chance, and had long ago found out that he was a clinker. Why, then, was he not also made safe? Why, he was safe as the deadest amongst them, and yet he won; how was that possible? Listen! his jockey was made safe, but he was changed at the last moment—his services claimed for a horse with no possible chance, and another put up in his place. No doubt we shall see something about the hardship and ill-luck of his being taken off the winner to ride such a brute, but rely on it, had he been in the saddle the head would have been

given the other way. Artifice must be met by artifice, and starting the weedy chestnut who walked in with the crowd just prevented a deep-laid scheme of plun—, we beg pardon, a well-planned *complot* from coming off. The deepest plans are sometimes overturned by the merest trifles; and here the chance of an honest owner possessing a good horse, and finding an honest jockey to ride him, has, at the last moment, overset those that have been maturing for months.

So far, good; a clique have been disappointed of their prey; the bookmakers, who live on the public, have to disgorge some of their spoil; and the public, who invariably follow—sometimes, we are sorry to say, precede—those owners who run straight, are winners. And no one is prouder than the tiny urchin who, when his charge has been sheeted and hooded, leads him away. Such a scene is not, however, invariably enacted when the winner is led back; and within the present decade we have seen a phalanx of fighting men hired to surround horse and rider as they returned to scale, and protect them from the fury of an ill-advised, though justly indignant mob. The prudent forethought which suggested such a course, highly as it is to be commended, seems hardly compatible with conduct free from stain and a conscience void of offence. But it is a loathsome theme, and we merely turn to it as the contrast to the picture we have sketched. Let us now forsake it, and turning to the breezy hills and wooded slopes of Goodwood, record how Lord George Bentinck carried the feather Kitchener, bodily, saddle and all, to scale after he had borne the light-blue and white to victory; or, still more pleasing, recall the stately figure of Sir Tatton as year after year he led the St. Leger victor back to scale. For years were his long coat and well-worn tops to be seen beside the rails, and as regularly did he conduct the winner to the enclosure. Even Martin Starling himself is not more faithful to the Epsom victor; though, by the way, we once saw the latter veteran make a wrong shot, and when Judge Clark went for Hermit he stood staunch to Marksman and Jemmy Grimshaw, and in our hearing lost several bets for those who from this circumstance retained the hope that the yellow and black had won. Knowing Martin's custom, they doubted their own eyesight, and, thinking as they wished, still betted on the Russley chestnut. Many an anxious moment is at times passed when the scale is reached, and only those who have experienced it know the consternation produced in the hearts of backers when the bridle has to be sent for. Pale and haggard are the looks of many a one until the welcome "All right" is pronounced, and the trying ordeal over. Various methods have at times been resorted to for the purpose of carrying short weight, and yet passing the clerk of the scales undetected, and no doubt they have in many instances been successful. Thus it was not many years ago that a Derby winner was said to have had something in hand, and yet, by the aid of a loaded whip, scored the eight-ten to Mr. Manning's satisfaction; but as a rule, we opine dodges of this sort are not very successful, and incline to Bill Scott's creed, when he said, "Give me a good horse, and quicksilver be hanged!"



EPSOM DOWNS ON THE DERBY DAY.

WHAT a theme for pen and pencil ! what scope for description and fine writing ! what light and shade ! what colour ! what scenes of joy and sorrow, wealth and luxury, poverty and misery. Yes, here is a chance indeed, and we could fill not a couple of pages, but a whole volume with the theme. Those "hunts" and "fits" are queer customers sometimes, and as awkward to get over as a double, or a brook with rotten banks and no bottom. This word-painting has, unfortunately, all been done before. After the host of writers, great and small, from the mighty Dickens himself to the humblest penny-a-liner, have aired their pens and exhausted their brains over the Derby Day, how shall we hope to say anything new on the subject ? Has not the road down, the road home, the feasting, the fighting, the fun, and the fashion been done year by year, from the time that our parents were in swaddling clothes ? Has not Dickens penetrated even into the awful mysteries of the kitchen department, and told us how luncheons are manufactured for the invading host :—nay, the very wine and beer-sellers, and—*toru incognita* to all but the favoured few—the offices of the clerk of the course himself. Hear what he says on the subject :—“Here we are ! Let us get into the basement. First into the weighing-house, where the jockeys ‘come to scale’ after each race. We then inspect the offices for the Clerk of the Course himself : wine cellars, beer cellars, larders, sculleries and kitchens, all as gigantically appointed and as copiously furnished as if they formed part of an Ogres’ Castle. To furnish the Refreshment Saloon, the Grand Stand has in store ten-thousand four hundred tumblers, one thousand two hundred wine glasses, three thousand plates and dishes, and several of the most elegant vases we have seen out of the Glass Palace, decorated with artificial flowers. An exciting odour of cookery meets us in our descent. Rows of spits are turning rows of joints before blazing walls of fire. Cooks are trussing fowls, confectioners are making jellies, kitchenmaids are plucking pigeons, huge crates of boiled tongues are being garnished on dishes. One hundred and thirty legs of lamb, sixty-five saddles of lamb, and one hundred and thirty shoulders of lamb ; in short, a whole flock of sixty-five lambs have to be roasted, and dished, and garnished by the Derby Day. Twenty rounds of beef, four hundred lobsters, one hundred and fifty fillets of veal, one hundred sirloins of beef, five hundred spring chickens, three hundred and fifty pigeon pies ; a countless number of quarter leaves, and an incredible quantity of ham to be cut up into sandwiches ; eight hundred eggs have got to be boiled for the pigeon pies and salads. The forests of lettuces, the acres of cress and beds of radishes which will have to be chopped up, the gallons of “dressing” that will have to be poured out and converted into salads for the insatiable Derby Day, will be best understood by a memorandum from the chief of that department to the *chef-de-cuisine*, which happened accidentally to fall under our notice :—‘Pray don’t forget a large tub and a birch-broom for mixing the salad !’ ” We can only exclaim with Dominic Sampson, “Prodigious !” and thank our fates that we have never been called upon to witness these monster gastronomic preparations. Little as we care for the crush and crowd of the ring, with its deafening clamour, we would rather face it ten times over than such a scene. How refreshing to turn from this to a slight description of luncheon in Mr. Todd Heatley’s stand, penned now nearly a decade since by a writer who is as great in sketching sporting scenes as Dickens is in the higher walks of art :—By the well known wine merchant “the whole formula of racing luncheons has been happily changed, and the conventional fowl and ham and cold lamb has given way to curries fit for a governor-general, *grills* of trout, and salads that transplant one to the *Palais Royal*. But these comestibles, of course, require washing down ; and to supply this want an idea worthy of Sir Joseph Paxton at

Chatsworth has been carried into effect, and which, we fear, our want of engineering knowledge will prevent us properly describing. The stand being enclosed, a well has been sunk for the champagne, and a silver pump erected over it, by which means the wine is forced up in sufficient quantity to satisfy those thirsty souls that are gathered around. When we last saw it, the machine was in full operation, and the attendants were working as hard at the pumps as the crew of a leaky merchant vessel attempting to get into Plymouth." This was not written by one without knowledge, and here, as in many graver matters, we should be inclined to follow his tip, and take Todd Heatley for choice. But, with the stands, only half our business is done; and as there is luncheon and luncheon in them, so also is there both good and indifferent on the hill. Are there not drags and neat broughams which you have received special injunctions to visit immediately after the race, and which you invariably fail to find, or if you should by chance stumble on either one or the other, is it not an hour and a half after time, when the Moet is gone and the plovers' eggs dispatched—when the drumstick of a fowl, and some bitter (warmed nicely in the sun) which even the men have left untouched, alone awaits you. Talk of a blank day with hounds; what is that to a draw, amongst that forest of carriages, to an outsider who has patronised the rail, and trusted to his own luck or instinct for finding his friends and luncheon when on the Downs? There is much to see and much to tempt one on the venture, independent of Cliquot and lobster-salad; for do not bright eyes abound there as well as on the Stand, and is it not worth braying a whole army of cads, touts, and fortune-tellers to catch a glance from some of them? Nor are they easier to be found than the eatables, for many is the blank day we have had on that very hill, trying to find some fair one to whom we were under a bond to lose as many dozens of Dent and Aldcroft's best six-and-three-quarters as would have set up a moderate outfitter's shop in the country, but we have turned away sad in heart, though richer in pocket, for our ill-luck. Once more do we essay the task, and then, if still unsuccessful, we shall eschew the hill, swell drags, neat broughams, and bright eyes, for ever on the Derby Day, and take the advice of an old friend, which we can also recommend to our readers as being thoroughly sound:—"My dear fellow," said he, "I presume you go to Epsom for enjoyment. Of course you do. Then get one man who has wit enough to converse without making puns or attempting smart things, and who, moreover, believes in you as a judge of a horse, and will hear what you have to say without contradiction. Then, having previously done all you desire in the way of speculation, go with him into the paddock, and there look over the Derby horses—see them saddled and mounted. That done—by which time you will, of course, be tired—get some champagne or claret-cup; retire to the farther side, in the shade of the trees, and there, stretched at length on the grass, discuss it and the merits of the horses at the same time. Avoid, if possible, hearing who has won, lest it may influence your digestion. If you have backed the winner, you will see it in the evening papers; if you are on the wrong horse, why should you know it sooner than is absolutely necessary? Then, having indulged the *dolce far niente* until you weary of doing nothing, return to town, and have the best dinner to be obtained at your club. This for a fine day. Should it be a cold or wet one, don't go. By this means you will be saved much unnecessary labour and annoyance, and be far less likely to suffer from dyspepsia than by the usual modes of passing the Derby Day." So said our friend; and should our next draw on the hill prove as unsuccessful as the preceding ones, we shall certainly take his advice. All this time we have not said much about the Downs. Well, no; many as are the descriptions we have read of the scene, none ever yet did it justice; so we prefer leaving our friends in the hands of the artist, whose life-like sketch will give them a better idea than a hundred pages of description from our pen.

